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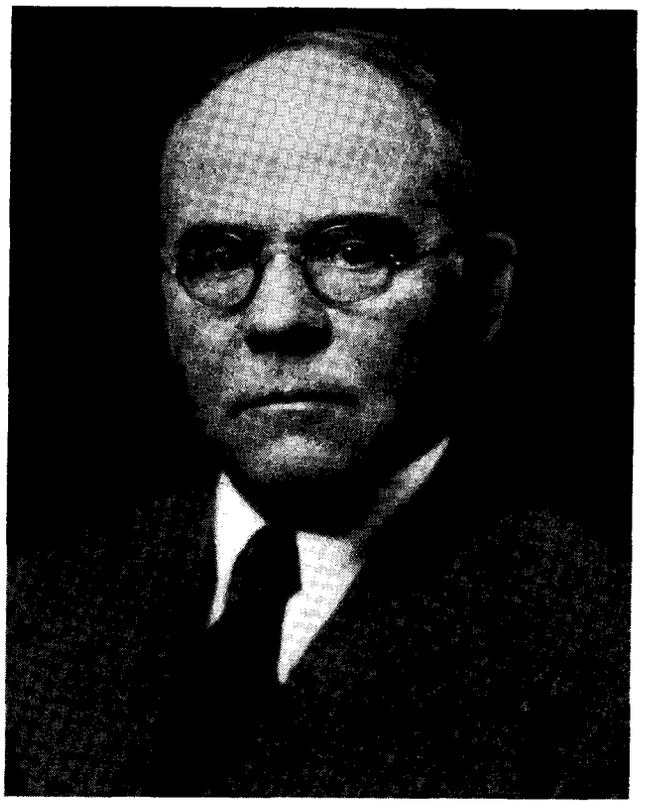
Vachel Lindsay and America

BY EDGAR LEE MASTERS



EDGAR LEE MASTERS

IN the month of April 1929 Vachel Lindsay paid a visit to New York, and called at the Players Club where I saw him, and for the last time. His voice boomed and his laugh rolled and soared as of old. He seemed to me a vigorous man not changed from his former self, as I had seen him in Chicago from 1914 to 1920, as I had seen him in Springfield during those years. His eyes had a way of squinting elephantine fashion, as if he was not sure of the tenor of what was being said to him, whether it was quite friendly, or half satirical; or as if he were trying to follow studiously the words addressed to him. His mannerisms combined as ensemble had the appearance to some people of vanity and self-sufficiency of which he was not really guilty in any objectionable sense. But he was vain, and he was proud of his successes, when not cut into humilities by indifference or ridicule; and he could not abstain entirely from carrying his platform presence and manner into the moments of private converse. In a word he had ways which displeased many people, and interfered with his acceptance. On this day at the Players when I last saw him he said farewell to me when departing with his old smile; but I could see that his mood was overcast, that he was unhappy. I stood watching his figure as he walked toward Fourth Avenue. He rolled from side to side like an old pedestrian, like a tired man; he was casting his head up right and left, as if looking at the tall buildings, as if possibly talking to himself. And so he passed from my view forever.

Of those who figured in what has been termed the Poetry Revival of 1914 Lindsay was the first to become famous. He excited a marked interest in England before there was even cultivated admiration for the work of Robinson and Frost. They saw Lindsay riding a real Pegasus, an animal that went of itself, and that pranced not along the racetracks of England, but over the plains of America, over the Appalachians and the Great Divide. So keen an observer as G. K. Chesterton called Lindsay the most national poet, and the one with the most normal energy of literary genius since Walt Whitman.

At home Lindsay fought with desperation against forces that choked his utterance. He saw that material prosperity was beating down the hope of youth, something that Altgeld saw and expressed. Lindsay knew that the defeat of Bryan was a defeat of the wheat. Many of his purest songs radiate from economic centers like this. When he wanted to make magical Springfield he had in mind the Athens of old, just as Alcott cherished that dream with respect to Concord. Channing said many years before Lindsay was born, "The true sovereigns of a country are those who dominate its mind, and we cannot consent to lodge this superiority in the hands of strangers. . . . A foreign literature will always be foreign. It has sprung from the soul of another people, which however like, is still not our own soul. A country like an individual has dignity and power only in proportion as it is self formed."

It is absurd to say that men like Lindsay cannot be cherished, protected, and preserved. There are ways in plenty. They did not condemn him to hemlock, but they doomed him by failing to protest against his doom, by failing to give him help out of their useless abundance. They could have consulted and decided upon some way to give him bread, and let him do his work for his city and the country, taking from that work what was good, and throwing the rubbish away.

But it was not his own city, it was not his own State that let him wear himself to death; nor was it even the America that we have been describing. He was at last as a creative artist in the hands of vast forces, some of which had been set in motion by the spirits he most admired and with whom he was closest in blood. It was men like Alcott, Thoreau, Channing, and Theodore Parker who did the most to destroy that Virginia which was Lindsay's deepest love, and the subject of his last great poem. It was these men who gave honor to the materialistic movement which imperialized America; it was these men who unmenacingly disguised with their moral character the campaign of money Hamiltonians, which overthrew Jefferson in the realm of practical affairs. That having come to pass every other plutocratic device and trick followed. With the vulgarization of the American mind, resulting from cupidity, came the 2,000,000-subscriber magazine, proving by its popularity that there are not more than 200,000 enlightened people in the United States. These readers of such publications are part of the contingent who tortured Lindsay in Spokane. These publications and their leaders give no support to poetry or to any art, or to

(*Continued on next page*)

Next Week

WINTER ORCHARD
By JOSEPHINE JOHNSON
Reviewed by Stephen Vincent Benét

THOMAS MORE
By R. W. CHAMBERS
Reviewed by Garrett Mattingly

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VACHEL LINDSAY AND HIS FAMILY

any work of genuine merit. The rule of such people, and such a civilization was hard enough for Lindsay; but this peaceful man, and lover of the whole world in the name of Tolstoy, had to live in a time when internationalism was preached by New York, before America as a nation had anything to give as a nation. He had to live in a land already internationalized by the unassimilated breeds of many lands, and really by the dominance of old world cultures but made inherent and without a natural spirit by such mixtures. How could the old courthouse America cope with such vast forces as these?

"There are two Americas," wrote Will Durant.

> The English code of thought and manners must eventually succumb to the continental cultures that encompass and inundate it; but for the present that British mood dominates the literature, though no longer the morals of the American East.

This is immensely true and well said. Lindsay with all his other difficulties, inward and outward, had to stand against the enormous power behind this cultural condition. Not being Eastern American he made in fact only a slight impact upon it; and after the first excitement about his poetry subsided he was treated with supercilious indifference, and the field which he had broken and harrowed and sowed was taken and reaped by pro-English artists. He found that there was no Union of spirit and mind in America; and that his own West cared more for the East than it did for the West, and cared more for Eastern poets than for him who had striven to give Springfield and Illinois a soul. They preferred the Arthurian legends to those of Johnny Appleseed and Andrew Jackson.

The period of Longfellow was one of wine that had fermented and settled into its characteristic flavor and body, even if the product was second rate. But today the American mind is in another ferment, and is not made. For this reason it is not established in a definite American character. It is touched with irrationality, corresponding to the bubbling and the popping of mashed grapes in a jar. It is vacillating without well-grounded principles of any sort, without the integrity of a matured substance cleared of all alien and inharmonious stuff. It is like the English mind during the War of the Roses, in respect to its tumult and its incoherence. Our political leaders prove these things, and some of our best writers are proofs of them. Their vision and imagination are defective and half born. Lindsay himself suffered from this defective imagination and vision. The physical and spiritual plasm of America are both in the making. Lindsay with his excellent thyroid and his pituitary instability was a budding outgrowth of this life stream. His education and environment did the rest to make him what he was. But if there is no real America how can we ever win it? Leaving undiscussed now the method it may be said that when America ceases to be many things, and so ends its life of being nothing, and when it becomes one thing, and by that becoming is a union of peoples fused and homogeneous, Lindsay's poems will live to address it, even though the America of the old courthouse passes completely away. It is a good deal to say of any poet that he is for all time. But in that comparative sense in which Herrick and Donne, for example are for all time, Lindsay too will last. The fact that America is young, that Lindsay lived in the first century of the nation's career, and interpreted in his peculiar way one of its most luxuriant stages will fix his historical permanence.

But finally he did sing of an America, real and imaginary, historical and fantastic, worshipping and skylarking, toiling, building, and at games and trade. He was the voice of that mythical America of colonial heroisms and splendors, which is the imaginative setting of Washington and Jefferson, and of horse-riding and fox-hunting Virginia. The travels of Ulysses over the ancient Greek world, encountering giants, lotos eaters, enchantresses, and marvels of earth and air, are scarcely more varied and charming, more resplendent and magical than the vision which Lindsay recorded of America. He was the celebrant in free and sinuous measures of Daniel Boone, Johnny Appleseed, and the pioneers of the Appalachians. He sang Andrew Jackson, one of America's priceless possessions, into a new fame which is bound to mount higher as a matter of heroic lore as America recedes from the days of men in jeans who fought for a principle, and having won the fight celebrated the victory in dance on the hills, where they poured libations of cider to the spirits of great emancipations from city gods. Lindsay was the bard of the Indian, and the best that we have had; and he chanted the covered wagons, the long trails to California, the tragic transformations of the war between the States, and the ruin of Virginia and its pastoral culture. Lindsay was the comic muse of the Negro, of the amorphous and awkward-footed days of 1889, which soon turned to the agrarian revolt under Bryan. He saw America, and rightly enough, as baseball all through long summer days of white clouds and blue skies. He saw it as the prize ring of John L. Sullivan, as the white tops of the American circus, the only circus of magic in the world. He saw America as movie queens, as transcontinental motoring, and as a race of youthful, dancing sweethearts, crying out the joys of new freedoms as they swarmed over a terrene of mountains, plains, and forestry; or swam along the golden coasts of California, radiant in the ecstasies of music and passion. These were the young who inspired his heart, and then broke it when he was no longer young, but still continued to see them pouring ever fresh into new life, while he longed to sing them as he did at first. All this was Lindsay's America. It was a democracy of youth and happiness, strength and hope. It was America at play, high hearted, free, and just, with all wrongs ended in the name of Jefferson, and the great heroes like Milton, men of vision and music. This motley America, so noisy, so irrational, and so confused, was well reflected by Lindsay's mind, whose nature partook of the things his imagination pictured for it. He was in truth the lame boy, whose fairy was "the shoes of song, the wings of rhyme." How little of the

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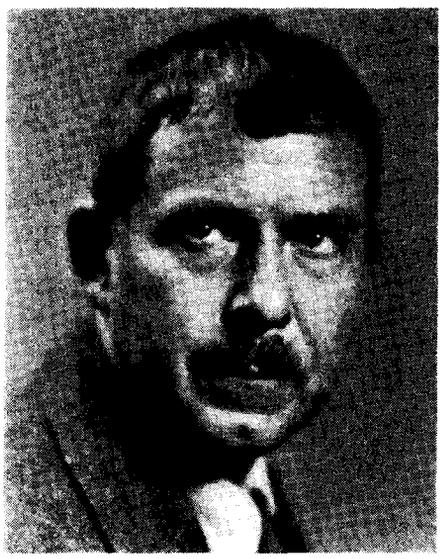
Inside a Mental Hospital

ASYLUM. By William Seabrook. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by ARTHUR H. RUGGLES, M.D.

DURING the past few years there has been a flood of books written by the former mental patient, the drug addict, and the doctor in the mental hospital. The titles have tended to be dramatic, the subject matter often distorted, and as literary productions most of them have been decidedly inferior.



WILLIAM SEABROOK

Asylum is a good old English word meaning a safe retreat. William Seabrook has used this title for his book deliberately, because the mental hospital where he was fortunate enough to find a haven of refuge, and a place for adequate treatment, meant asylum to him. The author is well known. He has written on a wide variety of subjects, has lived life freely, tasting the lights and shadows of life all over the world. In "Jungle Ways," one of his more recent books, one began to wonder whether fire water might not modify both his life experience and his literary productions, and so it has proved.

His scene is laid in a mental hospital in the East, so accurately and so vividly portrayed that the reviewer had little difficulty in identifying it, and yet the author has shown the utmost restraint in the use of identifying data, and has produced a story entirely consistent with the ethics of the medical profession which forbids advertising even while giving a vivid picture of the treatment of alcoholism in a modern mental hospital.

This book should do much toward introducing the layman to the inner workings of a mental hospital and give him a much clearer understanding of mental disease than has been gained from any other recent works. As Clifford Beers autobiography, recounting the experience of a mental patient twenty-five years ago, gave a vivid description of the dark chapters in the history of the treatment of mental disease, so "Asylum" becomes the present day exponent of what is being done in the best of our mental hospitals, and represents a true picture of some of the results of treatment in mental sickness.

Mr. Seabrook's differentiation between the wish to be saved and the will to be saved is a point which has long been made by those understanding the underlying psychology of the alcoholic, and it is now generally recognized that the wish to be saved is a prerequisite to successful treatment. But the wish alone is not enough and must, as the author points out, be followed up by the will to accomplish, translated into hospitalization, or, without hospitalization, long continued coöperation with the psychotherapist.

Every individual undergoing treatment reacts in his own individual way, and in "Asylum" Mr. Seabrook has given us a telling story of his own personal conflicts, irritations, and achievements, and has clearly portrayed the environment and his individual reactions to place and persons. His whole book gives the distinct impression of a sincere effort to describe a vital experience in the life of the alcoholic for the benefit of those who may need help.

The description of the wet pack used as a sedative for restlessness and excitement, the psychology introduced into the religious services, the reaction of patients to visitors, the therapeutic doses of the movies, and the scenes in the occupational classes are all given with the keenest appreciation of the effect upon the individual and the group. The mental hospital's difficulties in the treatment of the alcoholic are frankly stated, and the serious prognosis in these cases is admitted with a great deal of realism. Vignettes of the mental hospital depicting personalities and mental disorders are done with clarity and represent fairly well the range of psychoses and psychoneuroses seen day by day in the hospital for mental diseases. Only very rarely is literary license displayed—for example, where it is stated that a delusion of being Napoleon Bonaparte is one of the most common delusions, a generalization which can hardly be founded on a wide experience.

After three months' abstinence from alcohol, the author describes a mental and physical state which has much in common, as he himself indicates, with religious conversion, in which there is a certain poignancy of thought and feeling which he had not experienced before, except under the influence of alcohol. Whether this represents a physiological change due to the complete elimination of alcohol from the system, or is what the psychoanalysts term the stage of transference, or whether it is a part of the author's own personality previously subjected to much of the mysticism of the East, it is hard to determine without more accurate knowledge which, of course, cannot be gained merely by reading the book. The emotional effect of music is well known and its therapeutic application in the mental hospital is already well beyond the experimental stage. Therefore, it is possible that "listening to muted Siegfried and Valhalla motifs—symphonic Rheingold excerpts coming from Carnegie Hall, tuned low on the radio," may, as Mr. Seabrook suggests, have triggered the emotional response to this reaction.

Depicting the personalities and events of the hospital so clearly and in such illuminating fashion, one can only wish that the author might have gone on and told in a bit more detail of his own reactions to the therapeutic interviews with his physician. The description of the individual incidents occurring during the patient's treatment, and the need of retention of a sense of humor are done with delicacy and in great contrast to the altogether too often maudlin sentimentality or strained effort to make the reader laugh that we have so often encountered in attempts of other authors to place on the printed page a picture of the mental hospital from the inside. Extremely keen insight into the problem of personality is shown by the statement that there is one thing that the mental hospital and the psychiatrist do not accomplish—namely, a change in the essential personality of the individual. Mr. Seabrook has given his readers a most faithful picture of what psychiatry is today accomplishing in the places where it is best practised.

Arthur H. Ruggles is superintendent of Butler Hospital, Providence, R. I., and consultant in mental hygiene, Department of University Health, at Yale University.

Last Outpost

By VALENTINE ACKLAND

"NOTHING between us and the Pole,
Higher than this hill—" you said,
"This hill that we are on—"
And the wind swept on,
The wind that came from the Pole,
Ice-cold and dark, and heavy as lead.

Leaning out of our window, backs to the South,
Looking, and hearing the wind come over,
Seeing the stars flash bright and flaring
And the moon flaring,
We, on the last hill, the last outpost of South,
Peered out like beasts from our flimsy cover.

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The Heavenly Aphrodite

MISTRESS OF MISTRESSES. By E. R. Eddison. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1935. $3.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

IT is sometimes said of later writers that they are Elizabethan in spirit; this generally means merely that they are especially in love with one facet of the Elizabethan character, and are imitators, though perhaps inspired imitators, of the form of its literature. It is in no such limited sense that Mr. Eddison is Elizabethan; one instinctively imagines him, as one can imagine neither Charles Lamb nor Algernon Swinburne, in a ruff. For in an age which at its best is simple and at its worst shabby, he is even swaggeringly magnificent; and in a generation which piques itself on the accuracy of its knowledge and the purity of its taste, he throws together treasures as incongruously as Shakespeare introduced Amazons to English hobgoblins, and courtly nobles to savage British chieftains. None of its readers can have forgotten his earlier romance, "The Worm Ouroboros," whose scene was largely laid upon the planet Mercury—an unfortunate choice nowadays, suggesting calculations as to gravity and atmospheric pressure and all the laborious pseudo-science of the pulp magazines; but that was soon forgotten as the action unfolded, and one discovered that one was in a newly created and a vast world.

"Mistress of Mistresses" is not quite a sequel to "The Worm Ouroboros"; there is, wisely, no position given it in our universe. It takes place in the land of Zimiamvia, mentioned in the earlier romance, and its hero is that Lessingham who appeared at the beginning of that book as an observer, and was allowed to drop out of sight as carelessly as Christopher Sly. Here are names that are some Italian, some English, especially of the Lake Country, many Greek, and many that demand a language of their own; here are lords, great and good or great and wicked, who wear clothes that are vaguely Tudor, but fight in armor that is vaguely Norman; here are fauns and goddesses. And here are lines from a dozen literatures (duly credited in a note); the men of Zimiamvia may woo in the words of Sappho or Webster or some French minstrel. For Mr. Eddison is the heir of the ages more happily than any one since the Renaissance, and makes his own harmony of classic and Gothic.

Elliott and Fry
E. R. EDDISON

Zimiamvia, we are told, is the land inhabited by the souls of "the souls that were great upon earth and did great deeds." Of these was Lessingham, who in the Overture is given a career of universal genius, carving himself kingdoms, one in Paraguay and one in the Scandinavian islands, and above all loving so greatly as to win the favor of the Mistress of Mistresses, the Heavenly Aphrodite, who for Mr. Eddison, even more than for Plato and more than desire for Saint Thomas Aquinas, is the ultimate mover of the world. It is by her favor that he is taken to Zimiamvia, and there she sometimes appears to him again. This "machinery" is perhaps the weakest point of the book. Theophanies are notoriously dangerous, and Mr. Eddison's world, which is huge enough to hold all its other elements in a self-contained harmony, is too keen and harsh and even brutal for the occasionally misty enchantments by which one figure melts into another.

Beyond that, we may object to the book from our point of view, but not from its own. It is undeniably ornate; but then it belongs to a taste which positively prefers to call sighs "Windy suspirations of forc'd breath." It does not clearly explain itself; and neither does the other world that we now live in. If a man can make a planet that exists in its own right, he may be allowed to make it please himself, and we may be glad to be allowed the run of it. It is to be feared that "Mistress of Mistresses" will not appeal to many readers in this age, which is neither an age of poetry, nor like the eighteenth century, an Age of Prose rightly regarded as an achievement, but an age merely of the makeshift prose of M. Jourdain. But for readers who wish a tale as shadowy and as vivid as the old romances, for readers who give more than lip-service to the romantic and the heroic, for readers who for its own sake are interested in the unique, here is a book.

JOSEPH O'NEILL

The Land of Death-in-Life

LAND UNDER ENGLAND. By Joseph O'Neill. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by L. CABOT HEARN

A MAN from the Aran Islands (at least his youth was spent there) has written a dramatic fantasy that recalls in some ways both H. G. Wells and Samuel Butler. It also recalls to me a lesser writer, Fowler Wright, who yet amazed and enthralled us all some years ago with his story, "Deluge," and how, after the England of today was washed away by a great flood the beginnings of a new and strange civilization came into being. Quite as imaginative as that peculiarly fascinating story, and it seems to me of more immediate significance for human society, is Mr. O'Neill's wild tale of a race of beings deep under the earth of England, formed originally from the lost remnants of the Romans who held the great Roman Wall. Down to this strange race penetrates a young Englishman in search of his father, for the Julian family were pursued by a strange destiny.

The story in its earlier stages seems somewhat the same kind of thriller as Rider Haggard's "She," but before you are through with it you have encountered deep-laid sociological comment.

> Even on earth, under the influence of overwhelming defeat and the panic and hysteria that it brings, nations have been known to hand themselves over to the hypnotic suggestion of their leaders, and, under that hypnotic subjection, to take courses that are abhorrent to the normal instincts of humanity. But no race on earth has ever suffered a defeat as deep as that which has been suffered by these people, a defeat in many ways more dreadful than total annihilation.

Far more than in all the paraphernalia

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of gigantic spider-folk, the lassoers of that subterrene land of darkness, or gigantic toads and serpents, great cataracts and an abysmal central sea—far more than the enveloping outer darkness lit by strange phosphorescence, is the imagined horror in the author's description of a race whose deep mass-panic has resulted in mind-murder and the destruction of all individuality, until a nation of robots is ruled by master minds, Masters of Knowledge, who subject everything to one great object of emotion, the State, that steals away and absorbs into itself all intensities of the soul. And far more thrilling than any mere physical struggle with subterranean monsters of the phosphorescent gloom of a Jules Verne landscape is the spiritual battle of the protagonist of this story to preserve from violation his own spiritual integrity. How this story is elaborated upon its symbolic side, how the structure of the society of this submerged people is shown to be the logical result of the conditions under which they find themselves, the reader must be left to discover for himself. But he will encounter in the course of this "thriller" the mind of an author whose youthful thought was steeped in legendry but whose mature intellect ripened through the absorption and analysis of many philosophies.

If certain sociological conceptions of the day seem set upon the road toward nightmare, you will, at the last, find here the struggle of human sanity against their logical implications—not with the brilliantly ingenious satire of Aldous Huxley's "Brave New World," but in a daunting story of the living dead, no less impressive. The horrible paradox of a speechless people carefully preserved against want and death and yet living an utterly mechanical existence is the special significance of this novel. But the mere following of the course of the hero's adventure into the bowels of the earth is exciting in itself. And, in his endeavors to escape, that latter part of the book that describes young Julian's mental wanderings up to the very brink of insanity is a remarkable excursion into psychology.

The Celtic imagination brought to bear upon human society produced at its height a Swift. Mr. O'Neill is of the lower ranges, but his imagination is anything but feeble.

The interest in Melville, which has been steadily growing with the years, continues to bring forth books about him and whatever fragments of his work come to light. An unpublished (partly because hitherto undecipherable) journal of Herman Melville's, written during his journey to the Near East in 1856-7, will be published before long under the title of "Journal up the Straits." There will be also a hitherto unpublished photograph of Melville. The book has been designed by Bruce Rogers, and the tentative price, which will be governed by the number of advance subscriptions received, is $9.

Innocents Still Abroad

FOR AUTHORS ONLY: And Other Gloomy Essays. By Kenneth Roberts. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THESE sprightly essays are sometimes biting, but never gloomy. In their light, "joshing" style and abundance of juicy facts they are perfect types of the popular-magazine article of our day, and indeed that was how all or most of them were first published. With the exception of an amusing skit on Pulitzer Prizes and the Americans in English novels, and a confession story of how hard it is for novelists to make money, they are written not for authors but for that much wider public that likes to laugh at its inferiors.

For indeed this is a book in the Mark Twain tradition of "Innocents Abroad," a tradition that is still a sure-fire success with the American public. Many of the essays deal with the queerness of the English when they are trying to get educated, the stupidity and bad taste of the Italians who build the author a house, and the complete ignorance of the foreigners about anything American. Our readers love this sort of thing, precisely as the English love stories about roughneck Westerners and vulgar New York millionaires. And yet, if Mr. Roberts is not as funny as Mark Twain, he is less provincial than the young Mark of "Innocents Abroad." His remarks on Oxford education are very shrewd, his comments on the bad taste of European architects make comparisons with their own past rather than our present. Nevertheless, this is essentially the kind of writing that strokes satisfied nationalism the right way. As a study of cultures it is cheerfully unfair, because one-sided, yet not nearly so unfair and much more amusing than the recent crop of French and British sarcasms at the expense of America. It is to be commended, not as gospel but as an antidote, to the American intellectual who can conveniently forget the Moroccan troops turned loose on women and children in Spain, or the Nazi barbarisms, while he describes his own country as the chosen home of all crudity and injustice.

One feels the editor's string pulling in such essays as these, as one feels the lecture audience asking to be played upon, in the equally goodnatured chauvinism of Mark Twain. I like the author better when he turns home. His "Roads of Remembrance" should be broadcast over every radio circuit. For there, in a blend of remembered history and description of the actual present, he does the best job yet on the greed of our profit makers and the incredible stupidity of our legislators. The roads of remembrance are those great and expensive highways by which we have made our country, its beauty, its history, its unity in diversity, accessible to every owner of four wheels and a motor. Roads made for pleasure, and turned to profit by advertisers who have stolen the countryside to sell us cars, oil, food, and soap. Fifty millions for roads of remembrance through New England or Virginia, or New Jersey, or "trails" in the forests and mountains, and what do we find when we go there but hundreds of miles of bill-plastered slum! Mr. Roberts says all this more effectively than I can. Read him, but don't take his foreigners too seriously. He is playing the old game of tit for tat, which can be written tat for tit just as easily.

KENNETH ROBERTS

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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"And the Rain Descended"

IT is an old house and its builders, having no imagination beyond the simple rules of the manuals of that day, erected it in severe simplicity, so that even the triple window of the gable-end indulges in but a single curve, and there is no ornament except the mouldings of the wall tops and the chimney mantels within. But they tempered the austerity by rows of maples which dapple the windows with shadow. Beside it they placed a barn with its attendent sheds, corn cribs, and tool houses, grouping their roofs in a harmony like a cathedral with its chapels and oratories. And in the meadows behind that sloped to the brook they left here a hickory on a knoll, there an oak, to grow wide and strong and make shade for the cattle and give dignity to the background of the house. This was in 1796.

By 1935 the maples had become gigantic, their great domes rising above the roof tree, and in their shadow strange things had been happening. Our father's generation, which it is the fashion now to despise, had been too busy with their inheritance. Around the noble simplicity of the old house they had thrown ragged porches, adorned with scroll work, and jutting here and there in meaningless angles. Within, the panelling had been painted a dirty, utilitarian brown, like the oilcloth of the period, and the entrance hall was redecorated in golden oak. Insensible to form, they had thrown a square box in lieu of a gable out from the slope of the roof, like a beetling brow on an otherwise classic face. A flat-roofed "wing" projected incongruously at one side, like an afterthought, as indeed it was.

When we first saw the house an April gale was tossing the maple limbs above the scroll-saw porches. We went in out of the rain, exulting in the conscious rectitude of the taste of our own generation. We shall tear off those insults to beauty, we said, and make that house honest again. We shall strip the puerile wall papers, throw out the what-nots, repaint the panelling, and make this house express once more a cold, clear mind which will not sacrifice form to the sprawling ease of a bourgeois nineteenth century life.

"Life"—that was the word, and the house was still rich in its heritage from the pre-War world. Books everywhere, not always good books, not always cared for, but stacked on shelves, spilled in closets, by readers who would have starved on the row of new titles on an apartment table. And on the walls certificates for Bible reading, records of service in the militia, membership in the church, the fire brigade, the county committees. And in the capacious attic, enlarged by the beetling brow to take care of the multifarious activities of that family, drawers of type, churns, maps, wood-working instruments, spare parts for everything—all the apparatus for happy work on a rainy day. And in the tool sheds, every implement for gardening and repairing—hoes, pruners, spades, wrenches, lathes, instruments for metal working, old yokes, parts of engines, keys and locks as for every door in Heaven, piled up and spilling over into the chicken yards outside. A life, easy, careless, industrious, weak in taste, strong in variety, the life of a home.

And beneath the maples and within the stone walls, were clumps of flowers and shrubs stuck here and there when the family got to it, and all the unaffected decoration of grounds that no whirring automobiles were to pass. And beyond, a brook that no landscape architect had improved and paths that led where they were needed with no regard for symmetry. It was a home moulded to the needs of the life within it.

And a house beyond our powers to recreate. We have books upon how to restore the eighteenth century, but the nineteenth we have lost. We have too much taste, too great a contempt for the confident sprawlings of a comfortable easy-going people whose furnishing was as slack as their clothes. To the ugly we are intensely sensitive, but scornful of content. We can order our gardens, compose our roofs, adjust with subtlety the harmony between table and chair, choose the right splatter for the wall, and the (O so right!) scarlet and black for the bathroom, but when it comes to temperament—and character—we are less fortunate. The children race through our interior-decorated homes between the movies and the automobile. Life radiates outward from our houses, where there is no atmosphere rich enough to subdue its nervous rhythms. We would never, even our youngest, mix periods, walk on the wrong rugs, hang the wrong pictures, reread books with no merit except that they are interesting, insult the proportions of a noble eighteenth century house by stretching it to suit our playtimes—but can we, in this age when everything comes by current or gasoline except peace, mental health, and prosperity, make such a home?

We doubted, but incorrigible optimists, in spite of Abyssinia, Huey Long, Hitler, the communists, the Republican diehards, the bonus, the income tax, America riding for a fall and Europe returning to her vomit, we determined to try.

Groves of Academe

Since there is no courage like the courage of ignornorance, we venture a proposal directed especially toward engaging during these summer months the energies of the professional classes whom the depression has reduced to idleness. In the writers, the teachers, the lawyers, the college educated youth which since it left the halls of learning has had no chance at a job, some of the potentially most valuable ammunition of the community in the battle for a fuller life is going to waste, at what cost of misery to itself and of betterment to the country can only sorrowfully be surmised. But must it go to waste? With the funds at the disposal of the relief agencies some part at least of this army of intellect ought to be able to be gainfully employed in conducting a sort of open air university extension institute, one at which the masses could secure free lectures on a variety of subjects, instruction in both the amenities and practical matters, at once diversion and education. Public park concerts have shown how the many can be attracted to good music. Is there any reason to suppose that if the Relief Works Administration allocated a portion of its funds to the employment of persons properly fitted, audiences could not be procured for lectures on travel and politics, popular mechanics, domestic science and child care, the hundred and one things that touch intimately the lives of all men and women? We should like to see the plan given a trial.

Ten Years Ago

In the corresponding issue of 1925, Christopher Morley extended his best wishes on the occasion of "*the marriage of two publishing houses*"—the young Viking Press and Mr. B. W. Huebsch. Mr. Morley recommended a number of the latter's publications including H. W. Nevinson's "Farewell to America" and continued: "*Huebsch was, I think, the first American publisher to recognize the strange talent of James Joyce. It used to be waggishly said that any Irish, Hindu, or German artist could find a home in Mr. Huebsch's list when no other publisher would take a chance on him. This generosity of his brought him some great names. . . .*" One of Mr. Huebsch's discoveries, sure of a place in history, is Mahatma Gandhi, whose "Young India" was published by Mr. Huebsch the same year.

Today

The Saturday Review recommends:

ASYLUM. By William Seabrook. See review on page 5.

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Letters to the Editor: *Between Our Shelves (Continued)*

Unconventional

SIR:—Out of the ten letters published in the July 16th issue, three mentioned "Anthony Adverse." Two denounced it, and the third "because there are so many more important things" read "While Rome Burns" and "Goodby, Mr. Chips" and is presently engaged in "Anna Karenina," "Of Human Bondage," and "The Magic Mountain" all at the same time. What a woman!

Aren't there any "unconventional" people who will admit they read and enjoy a particular book after it has left the best seller list? "Anthony Adverse" is in my opinion a magnificent story; so is "Of Time and the River," "National Velvet," and so are "Messer Marco Polo" and "Kathleen," which I have just reread.

W. J. McELWEE, JR.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Omnivorous Reader

SIR:—Being an omnivorous reader both for review purposes and my own delectation, I am taking advantage of your offer and herewith name a few of the books perused recently and enjoyed. Mr. Morley's encomiums led me to "National Velvet" and despite carping criticism as to its improbability I thoroughly enjoyed it. "Stars Look Down" by Cronin, I consider his best book since "Hatter's Castle." Other fiction—that beautiful prose-poem, "Road of Ages" by Nathan; "Now We Set Out," Esty; "One Light Burning," Hutchinson; "Don't Ever Leave Me," Brush; "Don't You Weep, Don't You Mourn," Coleman; and best of all, "The End of the High Bridge," by Barke. Non-fiction: Benson's Life of Victoria; "Road to War," by Millis; "Rats, Lice and History," Zinsser. I consider your weekly the best of its kind extant. You may be interested to know that my copy goes to a sister in England (a literary lady), and thence to a couple more bookworms. What intrigues me is the intimate, family-circle feeling the reading of the *Review* engenders.

D. PITT TAYLOR.

Montreal, Canada.

Rocking Chairs

SIR:—Do all of your "unknown readers" read only fiction? Does the old familiar essay no longer appeal, or do people no longer possess rocking chairs in which to enjoy such?

C. A. David's "How to be Happy on Nothing a Year" is of this type. In his quietly humorous way he offers pleasures which bring little pressure on "depressed" pocket books.

"The Art of Walking," edited by E. V. Mitchell, is a charmingly bound and printed little volume for "him who walks or hates to walk."

Today when our mental illnesses are increasingly alarming, may I suggest "Mental Health," by Drs. F. E. Howard and F. L. Patry, as a well written, practical guide for anyone who wishes personal help toward a rich and normal mental and emotional life.

Recently I have reread some of Trollope. Where else can you find such a host of intimately detailed human characters?

In my profession as librarian, I am apt to read widely diverse books. But I am always interested in the unknown reader, since his tastes are those with which I come in daily contact.

MARY LOUISE SNODGRASS.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I'M A COLLECTOR OF COOK BOOKS."

Sightless Reading

SIR:—I have been greatly interested in the comments on books by Unknown Readers and I thought it might be of interest to some of your readers to know what people without sight read.

I have three sources of reading: Being read to, Standard Braille, and Talking Book records.

In the first category comes your magazine, a standard weekly magazine of current events and books. The first part of "Anthony Adverse" I liked immensely. It contains a beautiful love story. The forced march into Mexico brought utter beauty of service. The book sort of piddles out towards the end. "Heaven's My Destination" I did not think up to Wilder's other books, which are favorites of mine. It requires at least two readings for full absorption. The book entitled "Of Human Bondage" is excellent. It may have appealed to me more on account of its Physical Bondage.

In Standard Braille I liked "The Master of Jalna" very much. "Sons" by Buck is also very good. After reading it I read her first book "East Wind, West Wind." Some of her other books I have read visually and her style is very much the same in all of them. "The Red Badge of Courage" is only fair and also "The Valiant Wife." "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" is much better than "Flush."

On the Talking Book records I liked "As the Earth Turns" very much. "The Diary of a Provincial Lady" is amusing in spots but rather tiresome. "Lost Horizon" is beautifully written but rather fantastic. The ending was so peculiar I thought I had misplaced one of the records. It certainly is very different from "Good-Bye, Mr. Chips." One would not suspect that the same author wrote them both. "National Velvet" I am just reading and like it immensely. I just finished a boy's diary and letters called "Larry." It is extremely refreshing and inspirational. It is not a new book but extremely worth while. He had such a zest for life and living.

B. H. KEPNER.

Great Falls, Mont.

People, Not Puppets

SIR:—Although I often disagree violently with their rating, I like to know what other readers are reading and approving.

"Young Renny," by De la Roche, is about people, not puppets, and all of the readers of the other Jalna books will be glad to know more about the early life at Jalna. The reader who, by unbelievable mischance, missed the other Jalna books, can begin with "Young Renny" and read on; hoping there will be a new one soon so he will not be too long without news of friends.

"Catherine," by Gina Kaus, is such a good biography that I was moved to read a college text-book history of her time—because it is the only history in the house—and I looked up the lives of at least a dozen of the people who had helped make

(*Continued on page* 16)

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Footnotes to Romans à Clef

BY EARLE WALBRIDGE

Mackenzie, Compton. *Vestal Fire.*

This satire on the island of Capri and the strange fish that inhabit it contains numerous portraits from life. Several are identified in Norman Douglas's book, twice quoted here. Count Marsac is Baron J. A. Fersen, a possible descendant from Marie Antoinette's lover. Scudamore is one Jerome, the American Consular Agent. Burlingham is Godfrey H. "Townley," as Douglas calls him.

McCloud, David. *Dance Out the Answer.*

The scene is Hamilton College, and most of the faculty are portrayed. Other easily recognizable characters are Elihu Root, a trustee; Alexander Woollcott, an alumnus; and Carl Sandburg, a visiting poet.

Meadows, Catherine. *Dr. Moon.*

Based on the Crippen case, and so written as to make Crippen's murder of his wife seem inevitable. "Belle died natural, but always expressed a desire to be buried in the cellar."

Millin, Sarah Gertrude. *Three Men Die.*

Based on the South African murders by Daisy de Melker.

Mordaunt, Elinor. ("A. Riposte," *pseud.*) *Gin and Bitters.*

A reply to Somerset Maugham's "Cakes and Ale." "Its satire is so directly and bluntly aimed at Maugham, the book never does get away from that propagandist purpose and into the more diverting field of entertainment——no, that statement must be modified, for there are a number of incidents in the book, such as the visit of the middle-aged writer, presumably Hardy, to one of Maugham's pretentious parties, and the warm mellowness of Maugham's life at Tahiti, and the cooled, immaculately attired, luxurious routine of Singapore, all of which are brightly written and pleasurable.—William Soskin in the *New York Evening Post,* March 31, 1931.

Nesbit, E., *pseud.* (Mrs. Hubert Bland). *The New Treasure Seekers.*

One of the most lovable of E. Nesbit's traits was her habit of occasionally introducing herself into her own books (in "The Treasure Seekers" she makes herself agreeable to the Bastable children, and their father later identifies her as a lady who "wrote better poetry than any other lady alive now!" E. Nesbit took a great deal of naïve satisfaction in what she thought were her great poetical gifts). The Red House in "The New Treasure Seekers" was her beloved Kent home, Well Hall. She appears as Mrs. Bax, who had short hair and wore gold spectacles, smoked cigarettes surreptitiously, and was fearfully oppressed by the company manners of the Bastable children, who were determined to be on their best behavior with her.

Norris, Frank. *A Lost Story.*

Trevor, according to Franklin Walker's "Frank Norris; a Biography," is a portrait of William Dean Howells.

—*Blix.*

Blix is Jeannette Black, whom he married, and Condy Rivers is Norris himself.

Paterson, Isabel. *The Golden Vanity.*

There seems to be some mysterious affinity between the Jake van Buren of this book and the Will Cuppy of real life.

Pollard, Joseph. *Percival. The Imitator.* (Walter Neale, 1901.)

Arthur Wantage is drawn from Richard Mansfield.

Reeve, Arthur B. *Craig Kennedy.*

The late Dr. Otto H. Schultze, medical adviser to the District Attorney of New York and actual prototype of Craig Kennedy himself.—*New York Post,* January 5, 1935.

Richardson, Dorothy. *Pilgrimage.*

Doris Langley Moore directly and H. G. Wells indirectly inform me that Miriam is Miss Richardson herself; the literary critic Hypo is H. G. Wells and his wife, Alma, Jane Wells. The Lycurgians represent the Fabian Society, in which Wells, Shaw, and the Hubert Blands were prominent.

Sayre, Joel. *Rackety-Rax.*

Owen Victor Madden. Known to his friends as Owney, a Liverpool cockney with an eagle-like profile, steely blue eyes, chalky complexion, fine clothes and open purse. He has attained the distinction of inspiring a book, being the lively original of Knucks McGloin of "Rackety-Rax."—Joseph Driscoll, "Men of Action," in the *New Outlook,* November 1933.

Sitwell, Osbert. *Dumb-Animal, and Other Stories.*

This book was withdrawn from publication in England when Mrs. A. Courtenay Welch, whose husband conducts the military college at Aldershot, claimed that one of the stories in the book, "Happy Endings," contained a caricature of herself and of her son who was killed in the war. She sued the author and publisher and won damages of $1,250. The British libel laws are no joke.

Van Raalte, Joseph. *The Walls are High.*

Arnold Chadwick is Reynolds Forsbrey, released from Sing Sing Prison by President Roosevelt when the latter was Governor of New York State. The results were not the happiest. Margaret Ryan, Forsbrey's faithful woman friend, appears in the book as Margaret Lyons.

Vandercook, John S. *Forty Stay On.*

The author has a foreword to the effect that all the characters are purely fictional, but anyone knowing Monrovia has difficulty in finding one character not very closely resembling some well-known person there. This makes it good reading for those who escaped portrayal.—From a communication to the *Saturday Review of Literature,* March 4, 1933.

Walpole, Hugh. *Fortitude.*

Mrs. Launce is a thorough, detailed, and affectionate portrait of Marie Belloc-Lowndes and her little house behind Westminster Abbey.

Philadelphia Antiques

THE BLUE BOOK OF PHILADELPHIA FURNITURE. By William Macpherson Hornor, Jr. Bryn Mawr, Pa.: Hornor. 1935. $12.

Reviewed by JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

IT is a fortunate thing for William M. Hornor junior that, added to a painstaking and exact mind, he has a spirit impassionated with an early Philadelphia of sounder design than now. His particular interest is the furniture, the local cabinetmakers, reaching from before the style of Queen Anne to the late classic form—the "colonial" period of American letters—of a federal era. Mr. Hornor is fortunate because only his combination of especial virtues could, today, lend his subject either a general or fundamental importance. The times—lately obliterating so much—largely swept away an almost universal American concern with antique furniture and furnishings. This, however, an uncritical attachment, is far from Mr. Hornor's informed purpose and devotion. The tides of public taste are, very admirably, beneath his notice. He is one among a small body of amateurs who, out of enthusiasm and knowledge, has written a book impossible to the less handsome talents and motives of what, myself included, I am obliged to describe as the trade.

It would be useless to attempt any detailed account of the work in question, "Philadelphia Furniture": its scope is at once too full and minute, the details too endless, for a short examination. In every case where my own limited experience warrants an opinion the details are correct; the scope is firmly set on a wide, historical reading and understanding. The relation of furniture to current manners of life and thought, the whole reality and color of a period and a city, a people, are exactly drawn; the simultaneous transition of spirit and form is never lost sight of. Mr. Hornor's book, briefly, is at once an account of Philadelphia and a catalogue of its chairs, highboys, and Pembroke tables; an incredibly complete list

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of names,—Savery, Tufft, Joseph Armitt, and Hercules Courtney, the tavern keeper formerly carver and gilder. There are exhaustive lists of tools familiar and unfamiliar, hollows, Rounds, bolexious, etc.

All this has the defect of its excellencies: there are so many small facts, so many materials, forms, and itemized accounts that a continuous reading or pleasure in "Philadelphia Furniture" would require an enthusiasm equal to Mr. Hornor's own. It is a special work for the specially and deeply engaged. That is a difficulty almost never solved—the balance between any detailed examination and a comprehensive, a large, exposition of underlying motive and harmony. Here, as I have indicated, this is not altogether unfortunate; there is a sufficient validity, enough incidental interest and even beauty, in "Philadelphia Furniture" to make it a solid and desirable addition to the store of Americana.

I am forced, however, to dissent from all the implications of a sentence in the preface. "This book has been written primarily for the benefit of the owners of the pieces pictured." I had hoped "Philadelphia Furniture" was written for Mr. Hornor's benefit and for those, like himself, moved by the fine traditions of an art and a land. I am, it may be perversely, indifferent to an eminence gained by the possession of a chair, cold to the patron, or even inheritor, of a settee. Such signs of impotent vanity, the thin substitute for a departed reality, ought to meet with firm discouragement. The late general regard for colonial furniture was fatally damaged by the pretensions, the commercialism, and snobbery, that attended its rise to favor. A chair without a pedigree, a simple modern table, quickly became sources of relief.

Joseph Hergesheimer, widely known as a novelist, is also an antiquarian and a writer on furniture and old houses. He is the author of "The Philadelphia Cabinet Maker's Assistant."

The Light that Is on Sea

LIGHTHOUSES OF THE MAINE COAST AND THE MEN WHO KEEP THEM. By Robert Thayer Sterling. Brattleboro, Vermont: Stephen Daye Press. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by ARCHIE BINNS

WHEN news of the *Titanic* disaster broke, a newspaper reporter went to the wireless station at Cape Elizabeth Light, south of Portland, Maine, for reports. He became interested in lighthouses. So interested it could almost be said he never went back to the newspaper office. The ex-reporter, Robert Thayer Sterling, is now one of the oldest keepers in the Lighthouse Service. The result of his long research is "Lighthouses of the Maine Coast," the history, stories, and legends of the Maine lighthouses, lighthouse ships, and lightships, past and present, their keepers and captains.

"Lighthouses of the Maine Coast" is a rich and noble book. With the increase of human knowledge there are increasingly few callings which have proved to be of unalloyed benefit to humanity. Statesmen, soldiers, explorers, and inventors have left their trail of woe for later generations to discover to their cost. Perhaps the only occupation above disillusionment is that of men who light others on their way.

A monotonous occupation, mostly. And then again the lighthouse keeper who has given up almost everything we choose to call living will have life come to him, stark and dramatic, and mysterious. Consider the keeper who found the sole, dazed survivor of a wrecked ship—only to have him go mad and die without ever being able to divulge his name or the name of the ship. The mystery of the dog which came out of the sea to Great Duck during a gale on a winter night, as unable as the poor madman to tell what ship he had come from or what her fate had been. Consider seventeen-year-old Abbey Burgess who tended Matinicus Rock Light four weeks while her father was storm-bound on shore. The keeper who had been asked by the sheriff to report the ship *Annie C. Maguire*—and presently reported her piled upon the rocks at the base of his lighthouse.

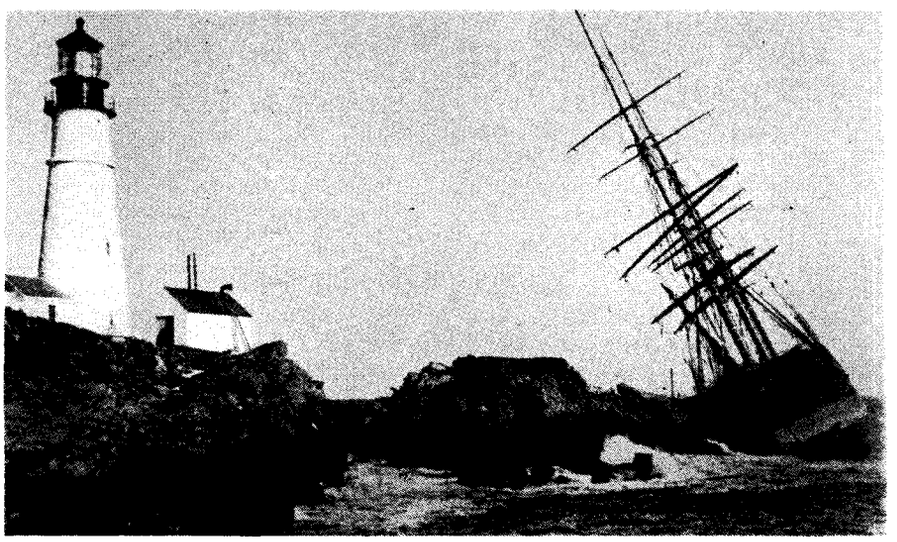
The story of Ram Island Light alone would be material for a less generous book: The first, unofficial light—a lantern supplied and tended by a fisherman who had barely escaped destruction on the reef. The little beacon passing from hand to hand. Changed and improved by men whose only recompense was the satisfaction of giving light to others. The beacon becoming a lightship—a fisherman's dory with a lantern on the mast. One unofficial keeper of the light, with his own boat swept away in a storm, swam out to the reef with a rope about his waist and rescued the entire crew of a schooner.

This same island is the center of many of the supernatural stories of the lighthouse service. The ship saved by a sailor's vision of a woman in white, holding aloft a lighted torch. The warning of a deep-toned whistle where none existed. The fisherman saved by a phantom ship, burning on Ram Island. The ship saved at the last second by the one, isolated flash of lightning on a black night. The reader can make what he chooses of these stories. When they were placed before the United States Government they resulted in the establishment of an official lighthouse on Ram Island. Mr. Thayer is reticent as to whether a jinx is still attached to the eerie spot. He does supply the information that the first official keeper had fifteen children born there and that the second and his wife had almost as many before they got away.

Like every good book, "Lighthouses of the Maine Coast" has humor. There is both humor and wisdom in the story of the keeper of a lonely light (not Ram Island) who discovered how to keep his wife contented. One of the most richly humorous stories in nautical history is the story of the Portland lightship going adrift in a fog mull and bringing up at an unknown anchorage. When the fog lifted, fishermen in the fleet at Cashes discovered themselves close aboard the Portland lightship! The subsequent antics of their captains verify the fact that a navigator often thinks he knows where he is, but is never certain.

"Lighthouses of the Maine Coast" is a sturdy, honest book, some of it told in the words of the keepers themselves. It has no gold-plating. Neither is it pure gold. But it is a long time since I have read a factual work assaying so much precious stuff to the page.

Archie Binns is the author of a novel entitled "Lightship" which has met with much favor.



WRECK OF THE *ANNIE C. MAGUIRE* IN 1886
From "Lighthouses of the Maine Coast"

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How Red is America?

AMERICA FACES THE BARRICADES. By John L. Spivak. New York: Covici-Friede. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALFRED M. BINGHAM

THE capitalist is likely to sit in his ivory tower on Wall Street, and fondly imagine that the American people are really well-off and contented, even under the depression. The communist is likely to sit in his ivory tower (figurative) in Union Square, and fondly imagine that the American proletariat has been brought by the depression to the verge of revolution. Both of them would do well to read what Mr. Spivak has to say.

Mr. Spivak passionately hates the status quo. But he hates wishful thinking almost as much. And in this book he has set down—as honestly as a good newspaperman who is looking for a particular story can do—just what Americans in every part of the country are thinking about. He found out by the simple process of asking them; and for asking questions—impertinent, embarrassing, disconcerting, soul-searching questions—John Spivak has no peer. As Ben Timmerman, one of his victims, a good union man in the Mesaba Range, profanely put it: "Jesus, haven't you any cheerful questions?"

The questions begin among the Mexican cotton pickers of the San Joaquin Valley, California, where whole families earn $2.50 a week. A girl of fifteen working between the rows is asked what she hopes Roosevelt will do for her; her dearest wish is that he will arrange it so that she may have electric light in the hovel where she is soon to bear a child. Next is a North Carolina Negro, dying of a disease usual in asbestos mills, and now unable to work. "What do you expect to live on now?" "I don't know." Next is a relief director in Tulsa, bewildered by the question, "How can a family live on $1.25 a week?" A Massachusetts shoe manufacturer is balked by the query, "But suppose things don't get better?" Workers, ranchers, politicians, down-and-outers, all answer "I don't know," when the brutal question finally comes, "What are you going to do about it?"

For Mr. Spivak does not often get the answer he probes for. As he admits in his preface, "After talking with all kinds of people throughout the country, I am convinced that the American worker does not want to overthrow the government. All he wants is food." Uncertainty, fear, confusion, and sullen discontent are there in plenty, in every one of the forty-eight states. And because they are there, no doubt is permitted to exist in Mr. Spivak's mind that America's destiny is the barricades. On one side will be the fascists, on the other probably the communists. Mr. Spivak is an authority on both. (His series of articles on Fascism and anti-Semitism in the *New Masses*, of which a little appears in this book, was the most brilliant feature of magazine journalism last year.) Nevertheless one may wonder whether he is an authority on the subject in hand—how America is getting ready to act.

With the conclusion that there is vast unrest, and as yet no clear notion of revolt, there can be no quarrel—though one suspects Mr. Spivak was not at the beach last Sunday to see how many million people are still able to enjoy themselves. A national income that is about half what our productive capacity would entitle us to is dynamite which will sooner or later blow up a system absurd enough to perpetuate it. But that it will be blown up at the barricades—whether literally meant or not—is not indicated by Mr. Spivak's survey, though his hopeful guess may be as good as another's.

Revolutions do not start from below, as George Soule has made clear, but they develop when deep social maladjustment becomes apparent to those near enough the top to understand it, and they may then draw more or less strength from the depths of the oppressed. Mr. Spivak is inclined to see only those depths. He does not see the middle-class radicals of the Far West. He passes off Farmer-Laborite Governor Olson in partisan fashion as a "strike-breaker." America may be closer to revolution than Mr. Spivak thinks. But he might not recognize it when it came.

Alfred M. Bingham is one of the editors of Common Sense.

American Cross-Section

MY OWN, MY NATIVE LAND. By Thyra Samter Winslow. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

AMONG American short story writers Mrs. Winslow has already staked her claim, and it is an enviable one. In her latest venture into fiction she presents forty separate stories as a unit. They are all bound together by the fact that they concern inhabitants of the same town in the American Southwest, that which the author calls "my home town." In this book there is every variety of human experience and deeply shrewd observation of human nature. All the curious characters, well-known from childhood in one's native place, emerge from a fusing of memory and imagination, introducing humor, irony, tragedy, pathos, and combinations and permutations of all these. When one has finally laid down the book one feels richer for acquaintance with a vividly real locality, a certain section of the United States put on paper with definition and exactness.

There are some grand stories in the book. The one of the brothers—of the Rumfords and the Williamses—is beautifully handled. The account of Jim Peters's

THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

wives who were not good cooks combines the ludicrous and the hair-raising in remarkable fashion. A delicious irony is the acceptance of the Honeymans as the new poor. Tragic irony resides in Old Man Winkler. Mr. Rodman Redwin of "Southern Cooking" is a memorable character. In a few pages Mrs. Curran is made infinitely horrible. What possessed Lurine Morland and how Cora Dorrance got her husband, the lack of standing of Ruby Moon in spite of her pioneer forebears, the extraordinary aberrations of Leland Miller, the true story of the making of a popular moving picture actress, and the striking account of a confrontation with an old beau—these are some of the different strands that form the many-colored web of this book. Mrs. Winslow writes with admirable condensation, and in this one volume she has compressed a wealth of material that would have endowed several novels. She has also chosen an excellent pattern, for most of the stories both exhibit the viewpoint of youth and the later correction of maturity concerning the characters, made on a visit after some years to the old town. Many of us, in retrospect, will be led by this book into our own memories. Just such a variety of people walked and talked through our own earlier lives, except that we are not possessed of the ability to get them on paper.

This book has tenderness as well as wit, and its wisdom concerning human nature is profound. I do not very well see how it could be a better example of the kind of book it sets out to be. It is the kind of fiction whose roots are deep in real life. Perhaps that is the most important kind.

A descriptive bibliography of the Ashendene Press is in preparation, to include detailed descriptions of all books printed between 1895 and 1935, with specimen pages, showing of initial letters, etc., and reproductions of photographs of bindings. There will be 340 copies for sale at seven guineas.

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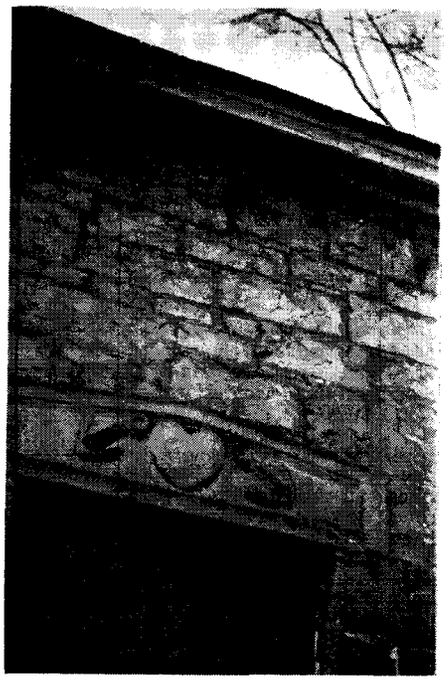
The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

WHEN CROSSING Long Island Sound, to or from New England, I particularly like the ferry that runs between Stamford and Oyster Bay. On that route is an ancient little steamer whose name may not mean anything to most passengers, but gives a native Pennsylvanian a thrill. She's called *Tinicum*. She was built in 1905 at Chester, Pennsylvania, where the name Tinicum is familiar. It's an island in the Delaware, an island precious to me because it's really a kind of delta formed by the two creeks in which I did my earliest swimming—Cobb's Creek and Darby Creek, a few miles west of Philadelphia. I feel that I helped to form Tinicum Island. Other small boys and I, about the end of last century, went swimming in Cobb's Creek and Darby Creek and churned up that rich and plentiful mud. The mud went downstream and stuck on Tinicum.

You wouldn't believe it possible to find so unspoiled a stream so close to a big city as Darby Creek. If anyone is ever driving out of Philadelphia on Road Number 5, the Westchester Pike, turn off to the right when you come to the crossing of Darby Creek. If you'll follow leisurely along those quiet roads by the creek (crick, we used to call it) you'll very likely see small boys swimming there still—stirring up more silt for Tinicum Island.

As for the old ferryboat *Tinicum*, though only 320 tons and far from her native Delaware, she has a stout heart. I like the modest and understating brevity of her chief engineer's ticket, framed in her cabin. It says he is licensed "for the following-described waters"—and then follows just one comprehensive and enormous word—"OCEANS."



MEMORIES OF SEA—WAUBEEK, IOWA

MR. J. C. FREIDELL, of the Freidell Winery in Hammondsport, N. Y., replies encouragingly to the Bowling Green's inquiry about losses caused by the flood last month. He writes:—

"With reference to our local catastrophe we are pleased to say that none of the Wineries in this area were damaged by the flood, with the exception of the Georges Roulet Wines Inc., manufacturers of pumice brandy, that lost 1200 barrels of brandy and recovered all but 56.

"Incidentally the greatest loss was to the United States Treasury Department which would have collected a tax of $150.00 per 50 gallon barrel."

It may please Mr. Freidell to hear that the first wine opened in a Long Island woodland cabin dedicated to seclusion and work was a bottle of his New York State sherry.

WE WERE on the point of putting down some notes on Upstate scenes last month, particularly on the beauties of the Delaware and Susquehanna Rivers in their Catskill youth. Then those rivers went into flood and merely picturesque memoranda would have been out of place. But I'm thinking particularly of a little junction called Harpursville (N.E. of Binghamton) where the traveler can choose between road 79 and road 7. Number 79, beautiful and unfrequented, leads across rolling ridges up to the Finger Lakes. Number 7, an old Indian Trail, runs along the stripling Susquehanna toward Fenimore Cooper's country. In Harpursville is a cool little ice cream parlor where you can deliberate your decision. It's called The Green Check, and the waitress is a friendly and rather homesick girl who came from Iowa a few months ago. I said "This is lovely country, isn't it?" and she replied loyally "I guess it's all right—but you ought to see the Mississippi at Davenport."

So I told her that I also admire Iowa, and when she discovered that I had actually gone through Davenport she put an extra ball of ice-cream in my root beer.

56 years ago this summer another homesick youngster was travelling along those upstate rivers, and in spite of his pangs and problems he was touched to the quick by their beauty. It's queer that the poem he wrote is so little known. His name was Robert Louis Stevenson and his stanzas have this refrain:—

Enough if, even so
My travelling eyes can go

BELL TOWER, NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD

By flood and field and hill, by wood and meadow fair
Beside the Susquehanna and along the Delaware.

I'm always surprised that the advertising men of the Erie and Lehigh railroads have made no use of that poem.

GRANT WOOD, the Iowa painter, in his pamphlet *Revolt Against the City* (Clio Press, Iowa City) makes a strong appeal for the encouragement of non-urban and regional art. Privately I couldn't take altogether seriously Mr. Wood's anxious suggestion that the Rhodes Scholarships are just one more British "attempt to control our culture." But what I have in mind here is his allusion to the sturdy old village of Waubeek, near Cedar Rapids; one of the most thrillingly American places I have ever seen. It was first settled by families from the fishing villages of New England, and old harpoons and other maritime gear are kept as heirlooms. Jay Sigmund, the poet, who spends all his spare time in Waubeek, kindly sent me a snapshot of an old stone doorway where the carved anchors, so far from the sea, show the long memory of the New England race.

OVER THE DOORWAY of my workroom in the woods (tentatively called The Knothole) I have lettered an inscription; perhaps that also testifies to a foreign domination, for it's a line that I found years ago in the letters of Erasmus. I shall probably never bother with bookplates, think-

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ing them a nuisance, but for a library I think this the perfect motto:—

ASSIDVVS SIS IN BIBLIOTHECA QVAE TIBI PARADISI LOCO EST—or, freely translated, May you be busy in your library, the only paradise you'll have.

The Green's other illustration this week is a snapshot from Mr. Rey Biemiller, showing the bell tower of New College, Oxford, seen through the stone tracery of the cloister.

Looking back over some old files, we note that on August 31, 1923, the Green quoted (from a publisher's press sheet) what John Buchan, now Canada's new Governor General, had said at that time about his three ambitions. They were:—

"To write a full life of General Robert E. Lee; to make the best literature accessible to the poorest purse; and to do a little to help bring about the full understanding of America and the British Empire, which I regard as the biggest thing that can come out of the War."

VERSE FORM

I sing her diving form divine
Whose every contour, every line
Poetic symmetry attain;
And certain couplets haunt the brain.

A. W. B.

DESK MOTTOES

If I were in doubt as to the wisdom of one of my actions I should not consult Flaubert or Dostoievsky. The opinion of Balzac or Dickens would carry little weight with me: were Stendhal to rebuke me, it would only convince me I had done right: even in the judgment of Tolstoy I should not put complete confidence. But I should be seriously upset, I should worry for weeks and weeks, if I incurred the disapproval of Jane Austen.

—Lord David Cecil (in the Leslie Stephen Lecture at Cambridge University, 1935)

A correspondent lately graduated from Norwich University (Vermont) proves that there are some interesting vacation trips right here in town. He suggests:

"Take a street car on the Broadway line from Times Square. Be sure it is of the real open variety, with running board. (I am meticulous, but remember street cars are fascinating to a Vermonter, for in the whole Green Mountain State there is not one line!) Ride on the wide front seat with the motorman, who may be induced to tell of the time when ladies wore hobble skirts so that each fair one must be helped by the gallant motorman himself when she wished to alight.

"Ride far down past the point where crosstown streets become warm human names; get off at Battery Park. It is 9 o'clock and the dusk breeze from the water is rewarding . . . saunter through the park listening to the undertones of love and hate, hope and despair, bitterness and faith, which the organist of Life plays there for one who will listen. . . . Fill your pipe with *Serene* and lean on the iron rail. Puff, and munch peanuts, and watch. Watch until you have gazed your fill of tugs and ferries and barges and launches and fireboats, and of Mistress Liberty ablaze with light and seeming more than ever a symbol.

"Make your way to the L station and take the 9th Avenue local. There, lurching through the night, become the window peeper extraordinary. After all, who could close the curtains on a stifling summer night? I went to the end of the line, 155th Street. A more hardy wanderer still might continue on to Woodlawn.

"I shan't be able to make it again, for the number of people in New York who *don't* need anyone to work for them is astounding. So back I go to the mountains."

ERVIN D. HANSON.

WE SPOKE of Rouse Ball's *Mathematical Recreations and Essays*. Greta E. Broun, librarian at the New Britain Institute, Connecticut, says that their copy has been borrowed 25 times *since* it was rebound. "The book was bought," she writes, "at the suggestion of a trustee who used to take the book out himself repeatedly, and made me feel envious of the satisfaction he found in it."

George H. Tripp, librarian in New Bedford, Mass., says their copy has been borrowed eight times in the past two years; one of these borrowers kept it for a month.

But the champion comment is from "Unicursal" (New York City) who says "Where did you get the idea that anybody who once took up Rouse Ball would take time out to write you letters about it? Probably on your recommendation in 1922 I first bought it. Many moves since then have made me jettison many a book I should have liked to keep, but I still have Ball. Don't stop recommending it."

Literary London

FLY NOW FALCON. By Pamela Frankau. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by DOROTHEA PERKINS

A NOVEL scintillating in its criticisms and glowing in its emotions, "Fly Now, Falcon" is subtly moving. It is the story of a brilliant young Jewish author whose longing for "escape" spins his life and the lives of his friends in unending, sorrowful cycles. As a small boy, Jacob Rolf used to run away across the Devonshire countryside; once he played with four strange children in a barn and they got locked in; Jake climbed out but it was only after some time that he remembered to rescue his playmates. As a young man, Penn Jacob, as he styles himself, is unwittingly thrown with those who were the four children of that distant escapade. They are all marooned together in the Alps. Penn leaves the four huddled asleep in a hut and skiis out into the mist. The clouds break and disperse about him. Overcome with the sight, he plunges away down the mountainside.

In the course of time, all four become involved in the literary whirl of London with Penn's personality as their pivot of success and disappointment. But they realize that he is not one of them. Richard Lowe, the aloof reviewer, withdraws into himself to watch the onslaught of Penn's genius. Ferdinand Kish can see him only as a rotogravure portrait and a source of profit. And so it goes with all of them.

Not until Penn disappears can these people really enjoy their own lives and the glory of his name. And then like a

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
HEADED FOR A HEARSE *Jonathan Latimer* (Crime Club: $2.)	Condemned murderer has 6 days to trace vague "tip" before "burning." He hires Bill Crane and all is jake.	Chicago underworld, male and female, contributes rowdy gaiety to saga of drunkenest detective in current fiction.	Loud and Lively
THE SENTRY-BOX MURDER *Newton Gayle* (Scribners: $2.)	U. S. Senator shot during tourist treasure-hunt in Puerto Rican castle. British agent Jim Greer mops up.	Author might have made more excitement out of his material, but puzzle is clearly, competently handled.	Pretty good
THE MACHINE TO KILL *Gaston Leroux* (Macaulay: $2)	Much maligned mechanical monster makes off with gal and throws French police into frenzy.	New version of Frankenstein *motif* plus devil-worship, catalepsy, and running around in circles.	Woozy
THE GRINDLE NIGHTMARE *Q. Patrick* (Hartney Press: $2)	Murderous madman loose in New England valley kills animals and humans until young doctor traps him.	Hereby awarded Malignancy Medal for 1935. More nasty people and unpleasant events you'll never find between two covers.	Ghastly

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PAMELA FRANKAU

wind of destiny he comes upon them again.

As a satire of publishing methods and literary fetishes, this novel is only occasionally brilliant. But as a study in the devastating restlessness of the human genius, "Fly Now, Falcon" unravels a fascinating tangle of ideas. The book has something of the compelling mystery of Maugham's "Moon and Sixpence" without its raw brutality. The hawk-like features of Penn, and the upturned Florentine face of Ann are marvellously illuminated. Strangely enough, the light cast by this glittering, image-studded prose is not harsh but soft and beautiful. The many images are like clouds of insects which soften but do not obscure the bright lamps around which they hover.

Vachel Lindsay and America

(*Continued from page* 4)

scholar he was, the man of conscious artistry, the precious jeweler of verse! How much the man who believed, who loved, who felt, whose character and moral fervor were his style, that style in truth which cannot be learned, but is bestowed at birth by the good fairy, even upon lame boys! His style was his love of America, and this was his wonderland too. But above that were his dreams about America and his city. And at last only "the ships of love" could take him back to peace after his hopes passed with the dying away of his youth. How American he was in one of the most definite senses in which that characterization can be used! The land he sang can be lost, because in so many fundamentals, even phenomenal senses, it never existed. But the song he sang, and by which he created a land and a State belong at least to the history of literature.

This article in somewhat expanded form will compose the final chapter of Mr. Masters's biography of Vachel Lindsay, shortly to be published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Politician Behind His Time

CICERO. By G. C. Richards. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1935. $3.

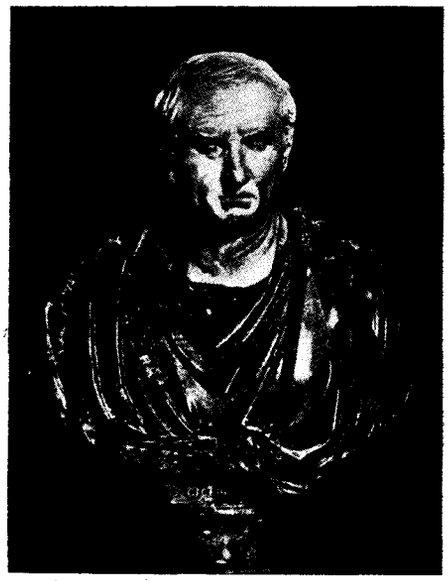
Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

TO this useful brief biography of Cicero and analysis of his works the American publishers have attached the subtitle, "The Downfall of a Republic." Possibly this was by way of revenge for the author's dry remark that it has been denied that Atticus was Cicero's publisher, "but chiefly on the ground of a higher estimate than usual of Atticus' character." You cannot write the life of Cicero without also treating of the end of the political and social order which he served; but in fairness to Mr. Richards it should be said that his interest is primarily biographical. If he had been writing a history of the change from oligarchic republic to principate he might perhaps have modified some of his judgments.

Regarding Cicero it is hard to say anything new. Mr. Richards summarizes his life and writings, and sets forth his character very well. Unlike a good many modern biographers, he admires his subject; he points out that so voluminous and candid a letter writer has supplied the material for all the charges against him, and pretty well vindicates him on all counts but one. Cicero's intellectual integrity may not always have been perfect, but he was about as honest as a successful lawyer and politician could have been in that age (or any other); he was no hero, perhaps, but except in the matter of Catiline he never pretended to be, and if he wearisomely blew his own horn about that affair, he had the excuse that his services had been great, and that everybody else seemed to be in a conspiracy to forget them.

"Cedant arma togæ" was the motto of his life; in a time of revolution he was the principal champion of orderly procedure; so naturally he is admired by lovers of democracy and liberty, in these days of flourishing dictatorships. But it might be worth while to inquire why Cicero's desperate endeavors to save the republic ended in failure. Writing while Caesar was still in Gaul, he confessed that "we retain only the form of the commonwealth, but have long since lost its substance." This was true; but Cicero usually acted as if the old republic celebrated by Ennius still stood unchanged. For his preference of Pompey to Caesar there was much excuse; whatever Caesar's intentions really were when he crossed the Rubicon, he was known to be a man with no respect for old and hallowed forms; whereas Pompey, whether from patriotism, indolence, or self-distrust, had passed over more than one chance to make himself dictator. But Pompey was then the champion of the Senate, and Cicero knew what the Senate was; as a self-made man he had had to fight his way up against the opposition of the old oligarchy and it ought to have been fairly plain to him that a victory of the Senate over Caesar would have meant the ruin of Rome, for everybody but the oligarchs. It was a choice between two undesirables; and Cicero chose not only the more undesirable, but the one which happened to go down in defeat.

His cardinal sin, then (and there is no worse sin, in a politician) was lack of realism. Caesar, too, failed in realism when he came back from Egypt, but till he dallied with Cleopatra he had a very sound perception of the facts of Roman politics. Mr. Richards, as a good democrat, dislikes Caesar's crossing of the Rubicon; "he was refusing to follow the example of Pompey." But Pompey who had wanted nothing but a bonus for his veterans could not even get that much from the Senate till Caesar got it for him; and there can not be much question that if Caesar had peaceably laid down his



CICERO

command and come back to Rome his enemies would have finished him. You can hardly expect the commander of a devoted army to commit suicide when he recognizes no superior moral worth in the men who want him to do it. Mr. Richards admires no dictators but seems to prefer Mussolini to Caesar; yet his theory that the Italian people selected Mussolini as dictator while Caesar appointed himself will hardly hold water. Caesar probably had as much popular support in Italy when he crossed the Rubicon as did Mussolini when he marched on Rome in a Pullman. What we call civil liberties were very little constricted under Caesar's dictatorship—much less than they would

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have been if Cæsar had lost and a bloodthirsty Senate had come back to power; as for democracy, Rome had never had it since the Punic Wars, and the balanced constitution that Cicero and other theorists so admired had been hopelessly out of balance for a century. There were good reasons for disliking Caesar's solution, but none for preferring the only practical alternative.

In these troubled times all sorts of people are trying to draw moral lessons from the history of Rome, often without knowing much about it. Mr. Richards knows his subject, but he does not seem to see that Cicero, all his life, was fighting for a phantasm. Lincoln was a more successful politician than Cicero, a more successful autocrat than Caesar; doubtless he was more disinterested than either, but the thing that made him successful was his cool objectivity, his steadfast refusal to confuse what he would have liked to see with what was actually there. The republic to which Cicero devoted his life had died a generation before he was born—in the days of the Gracchi, when rich men clinging to their special privileges took shelter behind the unalterable wisdom of the Founding Fathers, and imposed the Constitution—and the sword—as a barrier to changes whose desirability the Founding Fathers could never have foreseen. Other republics might profit by that example.

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 9)

Catherine the force she was. Too often biographies make me wonder if the one discussed did not live with Aladdin and the Sleeping Beauty.

"The Alleged Great-Aunt" is a superior mystery, but there are dozens of well-constructed mysteries. I do not read the thrillers.

"R. E. Lee," "The Story of Civilization," "America's Destiny" by C. Reinold Noyes, and "Back to Work, The Story of the P.W.A.," by H. L. Ickes, are all engrossing books.

To read with these four, I recommend "Roll River" (and, if you have not read it, "Drums"), "Time Out of Mind," "A Few Foolish Ones," and "Now in November."

MARTHA KENNETT.

Des Moines, Iowa.

Notes

SIR:—As a weekly reader of your interesting *Review*, I am sending a few notes about books.

"Personal History," by Vincent Sheean, I found unique and gripping—not a dull page, and the author has an unusual point of view.

"Poetry, Its Appreciation and Enjoyment," by Louis Untermeyer, I enjoyed, being a minor poetess, for it contains much valuable criticism and information, and most of the selections are the finest.

I was a bit disappointed in "Gerald," by Daphne Du Maurier. The first part about the author of "Trilby" was delightful, but I found the latter part a bit tedious. The daughter leaned over backwards in her endeavor to give a just and not too enthusiastic appraisal of her father. It is a book calculated to make any parent nervous.

"Wine from These Grapes" seemed to me a falling off from the heights reached by Miss Millay some years ago. I could find only one sonnet that had the true ring of poetic genius.

I had been warned that I should find "Of Time and the River," by Thomas Wolfe, both long and strong. My friends were right on both counts, their only error being that of understatement; revolting and nauseating would be appropriate adjectives . . . and no uplift anywhere in the book. Well, as the man said, "Now that I have mentioned Chicago, I will go and take a bath."

MARY GRAY.

Weekapaug, R. I.

Victorian Soul

SIR:—You have asked for readers' comment on travels in the shadowy world of Anna Kareninas, Martin Arrowsmiths, Jess Oakroyds. Perhaps I am bold in saying that I am a veritable round-the-world traveler in this realm of the spirit. I can compare *The Saturday Review* with a friendly guide, combined stewardess and chaperon, helping one over the rough places, seeking out the less tourist-ridden Edens of pure delight, and providing the means of eating at the Captain's table in the company of literary spirits.

A "Bravo" for Vincent Sheean and his courageous honesty in "Personal History." I am anxiously awaiting his novel on baroque Italy, mentioned as "in the making" by the gossip columns here and there. May his fiction contain as much charm and vigor as his personal reflections.

I am not quite sure I should mention "Anthony Adverse," for I have not the perfect touch for it. For shame that you should publish criticism of it by quite ordinary readers such as myself. Not all the disparaging remarks ever can sully this enduring monumental work.

It can easily be seen that as a critic I am a complete wash-out, for I cannot listen to a word of blame directed against those old favorites for whom I bear an almost maternal affection. Actually, I keep putting off "Of Time and the River," for I know it is bound to get under my skin, and I am still enjoying the pleasant thrill of anticipation.

EMMA P. MALLIA.

Amsterdam, N. Y.

Good-Bye to Trilogies

SIR:—The following are the likes and dislikes of an "Unknown Reader":

First, to relieve my mind, I must say I do not like trilogies. I stop at the second generation of the same family. So, I have said good-bye to Mazo de la Roche, Pearl Buck, and Sigrid Undset.

I like to read late plays like the "Petrified Forest," and it is a pleasure to me to read Robert Frost's poetry.

I liked Rose Macaulay's "Going Abroad," Sinclair Lewis's "Work of Art," Grace Stone's "A Cold Journey," and, of course, "Good Bye, Mr. Chips."

I enjoyed reading Sherwood Anderson's "Puzzled America." He seems to think that each state in the Union has an individuality of its own. From my experience I think he is right. Mr. Anderson is so human.

Of the two "knockers," Louis Adamic in his "Grandsons" is readable; Ivor Brown in his "I Commit to the Flames" is tiresome. I wanted to follow the latter's advice but remembered that knockers are made of metal.

SENORA MOON.

St. Paul, Minn.

Picture Books

SIR:—I have been disappointed in most of the fiction I have read lately, although I still open each new book with renewed hope. So few novels today are anything more than picture books between whose covers lies a series of excellent photographs of life and people.

Samuel Rogers's "Dusk at the Grove" is to my mind decidedly a picture book. The characters are types, and although we do see the devious workings of their minds, we still feel that we are seeing only externals of no great significance.

I have not, however, been completely disillusioned by my reading. Robert Nathan's books have never disappointed me. "The Puppet Master" is a joy each time I read it; "One More Spring" has the same magic (which was lost when the book was filmed for the literal-minded public); "Road of Ages" is an epic in miniature, whose implications are none the less striking. When a less skilful writer would have made trash of its plot, Margery Sharp made "The Flowering Thorn" real and utterly reasonable. Anthony Thorne's "Delay in the Sun" is also well done, leaving us with the feeling that we have been intimately acquainted with each of his characters. No list would be complete without mention of "Now in November," for I pride myself on being one of those to cry "I told you so!" when it was awarded the Pulitzer prize.

I hope soon to settle down to taste of the current crop of novels, whose reviews are enticing.

JANET J. CAMPBELL.

Port Washington, N. Y.

"Commando"

SIR:—Thank you for inviting and printing letters from "Unknown Readers." I hope you will make this a regular feature.

In these days of many books about the last war, and preparations for the next, I should like to suggest for wide and thoughtful reading a book about the Boer War, "Commando," by Deneys Reitz, a Boer soldier who fought throughout the campaign. It is a sincere, well-written tale of human endurance and courage, at times almost incredible, but vouched for in an introduction by General Smuts. Not the least interesting feature of "Commando" is that, with a rather limited amount of descriptive matter, it still leaves in the reader's mind a vivid picture of South Africa. Colonel Reitz has a real gift for simple, straightforward story-telling, and it is to be hoped that he will sometime publish his journal of experiences in the World War.

ROSE M. CLARK.

Berkeley, Cal.

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Interpreting Pareto

PARETO'S GENERAL SOCIOLOGY: A Physiologist's Interpretation. By Lawrence J. Henderson. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1935. $1.25.

Reviewed by VITTORIO RACCA

RECENTLY, writing about "The Mind and Society" of Vilfredo Pareto, I said that this imposing work cannot be summarized. I must apologize for that statement. Professor Henderson has been able to perform the miracle that nobody else has been able to perform. In his small but compact book he *has* summarized the four volumes of Pareto, and he has done it in the most perfect manner. Then, beating his own record, he has summarized his own summary, again in a most laudable way, and has presented this further condensation in the article "Pareto's Science of Society" which the readers of the *Saturday Review* read and admired in the issue of May 25, 1935.

This excuses me from saying what Professor Henderson's book contains, and enables me to state immediately that this "Physiologist's Interpretation of Pareto" is the most ideal guide to Pareto's "The Mind and Society" for two different types of readers: those who are accustomed to the use of the scientific method, but are not sociologists; and the educated people interested in social problems and the sociologists, who have not been brought up to think and work according to the scientific method.

But this small volume is more than that. It is a challenge to the American thinking world. This world, probably here more than elsewhere, is divided into two different fields, which follow different paths and practically speak different languages. Their primary interests are respectively the groups of subjects taught in our institutions of learning, which Professor Henderson has so skilfully divided into the subjects ruled by observation and experiments, and those not so ruled.

No more convincing evidence of the existence of these two separately centered worlds can be had than by the use of the very *opus magnum* of Pareto. Put it into the hands of a person endowed with the generally accepted culture, or of a student of social problems brought up in the traditional school, and you will see how incomprehensible it is to them. Its language is a meaningless jargon, its way of reasoning preposterous, the whole thing an incoherent mess not worth reading.

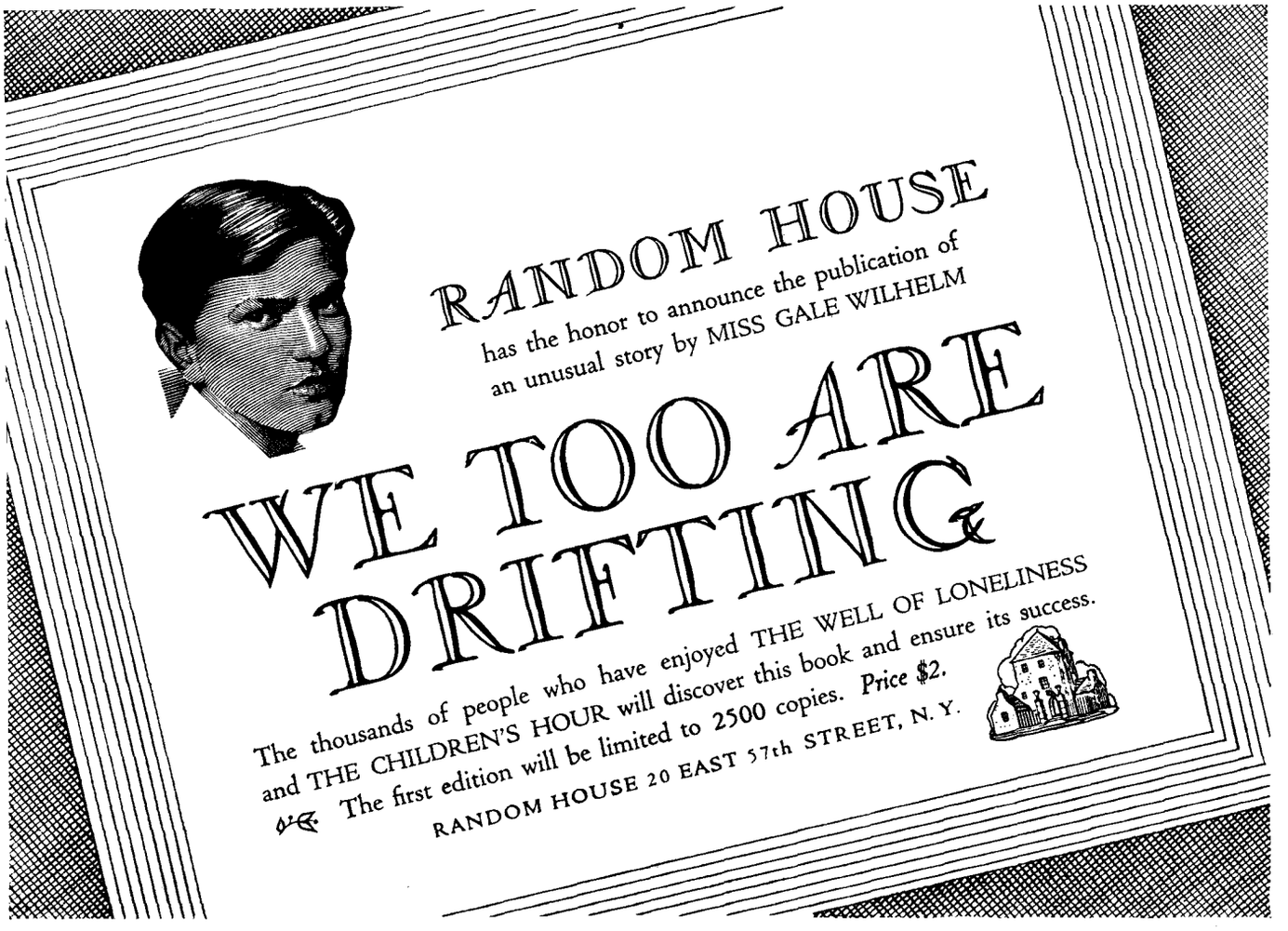
On the contrary, put the same four volumes into the hands of a man of science who has an interest in social problems, and you will see how deeply he enjoys it. The scientist often finds books or articles on social questions unsatisfactory. There is no line, no body, no reality in them; no facts, no strict and straight deductions from facts; only sentimental, biased babble. But give this man Pareto, and his face brightens: at last he finds a writer who speaks his own language.

As matters now stand, Pareto is a scientist-sociologist who addressed himself to the sociologists, but who speaks a language and uses a method which are totally unfamiliar to them. Will they make the effort to learn that language and that method, so as to understand and criticize Pareto with an adequate knowledge of what he stands for? That is the problem.

Just now, both thinking worlds are represented among the Paretians in this country. To mention only the outstanding ones, on the one hand is an economist, Professor James Harvey Rogers of Yale, on the other a physiologist, Professor Lawrence J. Henderson of Harvard.

In his excellent little book Professor Henderson states that Pareto's system will be improved "if the work is continued, and this work is of the kind, being scientific, that can be continued by *others*." I feel confident that, in spite of apparently contrary circumstances, the great Italian's work will be continued in this country, for the very simple reason that no other nation can be compared with the Americans for common sense, open-mindedness, and hard work. This continuation of the noble task will be all the easier if both the students of physical and those of non-physical sciences share in it. For the moment the scientists have the lead, thanks to the admirable book of Professor Henderson. What are the sociologists going to do now?

Vittorio Racca is on the staff of the Yale University Institute of Human Relations.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The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE King's Medal in England was recently awarded by a committee of judges consisting of John Masefield, Laurence Binyon, Walter de la Mare, Gilbert Murray, and I. A. Richards to "Four Walls,'" by *Laurence Whistler*, now brought out in this country by the Macmillan Company. The author is the brother of Rex Whistler, the well-known English artist, who has, during the last few years, decorated a number of books for American publishers. In his own different field Laurence Whistler is undoubtedly worthy of remark. He is a poet capable of beautiful expression and he has originality.

Before I say more I should like to get out of the way a criticism of certain details that have bothered me. They are mere occasional details of his poems, but as they halted my reading with a jar, they may as well be pointed out as the kind of thing, possibly, to avoid in future. In the opening poem, "Four Walls," I came to a line, "Few stone of flesh and a gay tree of blood." I liked the "gay tree" very much, but the "Few stone" baffled me until it was pointed out to me that the poet was saying that in love his flesh felt light, and using no pounds of flesh but the English term "stone" as a weight measurement, a term we never use. Its plural is like its singular, so it is quite rightly used; although the expression may waylay an American. In the next poem, "Eyes," I don't get the full force of the unsystematic punctuation. (But then, if you're going to criticize poets for their punctuation nowadays you certainly have your work cut out for you!) Why those first *three* tip-toeing commas in the first line, and then no commas at all in the opening lines of the next verse? The latter to convey a sort of flowing, floating sensation, I suppose—and then those two blank spaces in the text further on—pauses, profound pauses, of which I'm afraid I don't understand the full significance. "Dead Lips," "The wind blew the sucker against the diamonds." This is, indeed like the others, a fine and sensitive poem, and I know that the diamonds are the diamond panes of the window. But what is the "sucker" referred to? Is it some sort of vine? Maybe it is a term the English have for something attached to a window. In "Two Shades," I object that to speak of a "peacock under *loop* of darkness" (the italics mine) conveys nothing to me. Nor does "the needled gloom." I have never seen either darkness or gloom like that. I strain at visualization, but can't make the grade. The rather elegant, but also extremely lush poem, "The Feast," is Donneish in a good way and notable at least for one comparison, that of the arches of the loved lady's feet to the delicacy of "the Palladian Bridge at Stowe." I say this in all seriousness. In the verse, the comparison seems to fall naturally, and seems to me both original and beautiful. The next poem, "Acquainted with Grief," is almost first rate, and I congratulate Mr. Whistler. He has done an extremely difficult thing here extremely well. There is, to me, a most delightful touch in the next, "Dialogue," *viz.*, the lines

Dearest, all your life a child
Will fret and magnify the littlest ill
That nothing ever died of in the world,
And find assurance in another's eyes!

But in "The Looking-Glass," full of fine things as it is, the line "Like an old woman in a striking bedroom" is simply a terrific miscue. Does the writer mean an old woman in a bedroom possessing some striking characteristic, or in a bedroom that is protesting against capitalistic exploitation? Or are they striking the bedroom as, in the theatre, they strike a set?

These may seem trivialities to cite, and this is as far as I shall go in citing them, but a poet of Mr. Whistler's abilities should allow no excrescences in his work. It is like the structure of the first six line interrogation, or part of an interrogation in "Question in Starlight"—there isn't any structure. Why poets should be superior to syntax I do not know. In a particular instance, yes; but this interrogation is not obscure through its weight of thought; in fact it's perfectly easy to understand. It pesters the sight and mind simply because it hasn't been properly written. Another tendency Mr. Whistler possesses, which as a matter of fact I rather like, but which makes for confusion, is to allude quite casually to such phenomena as the extinct volcanoes on the moon, Plato and Copernicus; and also to the South of England butterfly, Adonis Blue; though he explains both in a note at the end of the book. The butterfly, however, doesn't involve much guesswork. I let this presentation of it speak for itself:

Adonis Blue, four splinters of heaven
Lifts pale brilliant wings on a June stone
Quivering, the soft engine of blue air.
Something tiny and far far away,
Beautiful, perfect in its own devices
Unutterably sweet and nothing of mine,
So much more beautiful than I.

I don't like the last line. Naturally a butterfly is a damned sight more beautiful than a man, and it's a mistake to say "unutterably sweet." Those first three lines, however, mark a true poet. But when you for the first time come across the opening,

Only the circumference of a skull,
The curved bone of the moon, conceals
Copernicus
From Plato's eye-hole in the enormous
plain

you *couldn't* know they were volcanoes unless you were told. Also, if you have looked at the moon as many times as I have, even though it sometimes looks like a skull with eye-holes, it does not look like a *bony* skull—there's nothing bony looking about the moon. "The curved bone of the moon" doesn't suggest to me the moon I know. But then, you say, some of John Donne's conceits were just as peculiar. Marry, they were! And I admit that I like Mr. Whistler's rhetoric. Also I know what "Chair" he means in "Question in Starlight," and I can guess at the "Titian Crown," even though I may not know as much astronomy as he does. Mr. Whistler doesn't say anything very new about stars or rooms, but he says it with well-nigh the air of a Shakespearian soliloquy. And I like the *panache* of that!

I regret to say—for as you know I hate to praise—that I think the next poem in the book—well, if I say "exquisite," that will be bad for Mr. Whistler. It is also far more sensuous than anything Keats ever wrote. In my opinion both exquisiteness and sensuousness are carried by Mr. Whistler to an extreme. He must be careful not to be cloying. But I have not for some time read anything more beautiful than the opening four lines of that small poem:

Twilight came, so very quietly,
Walking on the silver roof of a brook,
And unperceived stretched out
A blindness of small hands over my book.

It is almost criminal that in such book reviews as this one is forced, by reasons of space, to quote only such fragments from a poet. For the above will give you no true idea of Mr. Whistler's range and subtlety. "The Tempest" in the middle of the book is a perfectly achieved poem of sensation. But whether he is in a speeding motor or looking at clouds, as in the next poem, this poet can always convey sensation vividly—I mean by that, what is taken in by all the senses at once. To do that is not necessarily to achieve major poetry, but it is sufficiently difficult, and a great deal to do.

It is in his longest poem, however, "The Burial," describing the burial of a great leader of the people in ten pages of blank verse—and make your own guess as to the leader!—that Mr. Whistler's poetry rises to magnificence. This is a poem not to be forgotten. It is full of splendid things.

This poet is to be congratulated upon his initial performance. He is dowered with fresh language. Time will tell whether that gift of language is to be wasted or whether it is to be brought to bear on the major themes of which it is worthy. There is power of the imagination here, and there is also a hint of sloth and weakness. Meanwhile we should be grateful for no little brave and beautiful utterance.

ALSO RECEIVED:

AN ADVENTURE IN PRINT. Philadelphia: The Quicksilver Associates. 1935.

CONTEMPORARY LEGENDS. By Sidney Salt. Majorca: Caravel Press. 1935.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 71)

EDGAR ALLAN POE—
"DREAMLAND"

By a route obscure and lonely,
Haunted by ill angels only,
Where an Eidolon, named Night,
On a black throne reigns upright,
I have wandered home but newly
From this ultimate dim Thule.

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The P. E. N. Club Meeting

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THE XIIIth Annual Congress of the International P. E. N. Clubs, held in Barcelona in the week of May 20th, was less eventful than the last Continental meeting in Dubrovnik, when the German delegates walked out upon a question of free speech. Nevertheless it had its important aspects, and the social background provided by the hospitable Catalonians was wholly delightful.

Representatives, or delegations, were present from England, Scotland, New Zealand, Jugo-Slavia, Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia, Bulgaria, Poland, France, the United States, the Argentine, Catalonia, Italy, Denmark, Switzerland, Hungary, Holland, Belgium, Lithuania, India, Palestine, Sweden, also the Yiddish Centre, and the new Centre recently established in London for intellectual exiles from the dictatorships. There were evident opportunities for international dispute, and many were taken. The international president, H. G. Wells, presided.

Of Barcelona, that beautiful modern city built against a historical background, it is unnecessary to speak, except to say that the delegates profited by a first-hand experience with Catalonia and the Catalonians, finding there and among them a rich and vigorous culture flourishing in a national minority, in close contact, not only with Spanish, but also with the other European cultures, yet surprisingly original and fecund in its own right.

There were three major subjects debated in the three days of business sessions, of which the most important, as is often the case in Congresses, was least discussed. A resolution reaffirming the vital interest of the P. E. N. in intellectual freedom was proposed by the English and American Centres, and amended by the French Centre so as to assert the determination of the P. E. N. clubs to keep in sympathetic touch with writers who under the difficult conditions now existing in Europe were unable to practise that independence in expression which in spirit they had kept. This resolution was only a pious aspiration for Central Europe, yet it is significant, when one considers the number of countries represented, that it was unanimously carried. It represents a principle more lasting than governments.

The second topic of importance was the long-debated project of an international literary review, which now has been made possible of realization by the proposal of the Flemish delegation to take over the responsibilities of editorship, publication to be in Holland. Enough financial support was promised at the meeting to encourage the editors; the vexed question of language remained, and the debate over this problem was suggestive. The editors proposed French, English, and German, translation from other languages to be into the medium designated by the author. The delegate from the Argentine, with some European support, maintained that Spanish, rather than German, was one of the three chief international languages of the future. The Bulgarian delegate, himself a classical scholar, argued with vehemence for no discrimination against any language, in which the eloquent Italian, Marinetti, supported him with the prestige of Italy at stake. The debate carried on for two days, and proved nothing except a general agreement that English was international, French was still international, and the rest of the linguistic world likely to be a dog-fight. Yet it was interesting to note the general concurrence of opinion, that in the next intellectual century the language of Latin America was likely to be of prime importance. Incidentally, next year's Congress is to be held in Buenos Aires.

But by all odds the most important issue for the Congress was raised by the President, H. G. Wells. In his introductory address, he startled the delegates by challenging the organization as a whole to reconsider its purposes and its reason for being. In the lull after the storm of the war, in the early twenties when Mrs. Dawson-Scott and John Galsworthy began the organization of the P. E. N. Clubs, it seemed that both freedom of literary expression and better international understanding were on their way toward a new world where ideas of freedom of speech, long understood by the English-speaking nations, and international coöperation whose necessity the war had made obvious, would be not only legitimate but evident objectives toward which writers as well as economists and politicians might work. 1935 was a different story. In a large part of Europe freedom of speech had become synonomous with an attack upon the state, and the rights of the individual were decidedly not paramount. Furthermore, internationalism was breaking down into a struggle for power, in which the old national state, strengthened by new devices of party rule, propaganda, and dictatorship, and with Roman ambitions, Oriental ruthlessness, and scientific efficiency, was in combat with the equally dictatorial leadership of the proletariat. Under these too evident circumstances, said Mr. Wells, such an organization as the P. E. N. Clubs could no longer pursue a fair weather policy. Yet the question arose instantly whether the man of letters, who was first of all a thinker and an artist, was an effective political agent in such a struggle. If by organizing he endeavored to exercise the influence of the literary world directly by protest and partisanship instead of indirectly by the pen, he found himself immediately in a tangled web of circumstance, for which his training and temperament gave him no adequate preparation. No matter how good a writer he might be, he was likely to prove himself a poor politician. And the more energy he gave to ineffective politics, the less he retained for effective writing. Hence the P. E. N. Clubs, to put it baldly, should consider whether they wished to extend their labors, and presumably their personnel, so as to become a League for Civil Liberty, or relapse into the milder but still useful function of a group of dining clubs through which writers of every country might find an opportunity to come into friendly contact with each other, and so stimulate their own individual function as spokesmen for the world.

The suggestion was not well received. Such a request that a successful organization should consider its reason for being, seldom is. And the issue was successfully evaded until the last session, where it was moved and carried unanimously, that every P. E. N. centre discuss the principles involved and that the question be made a major item of business at the meeting in the Argentine. There would seem to be some force in the suggestion of one of the delegates, that if the P. E. N. Clubs can keep alive in the literary world faith in the importance of intellectual independence, through a difficult period of reaction, and of innovations which are themselves reactionary, a period which if our culture does not crash is not likely to be long, they will be accomplishing much.

With visits to Montserrat, Tarragon, and Majorca, this interesting and enjoyable Congress ended. Much credit for its success was due to the Catalonian authors, Srs. Raurell, Manent, Benet, and many others, and to the President of the Catalonian Centre, himself recently out of prison where he had been confined as a result of the recent attempt of Catalonia to secure the rights of a federated state in the Spanish republic.

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In unanimously choosing this as its *Book of the Month,* the Editorial Committee of the SCIENTIFIC BOOK CLUB announced:

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DUTTON

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The Clearing House

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A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

LAUGHING BOY. By Oliver La Farge. *Houghton Mifflin.*

THE MODERN TEMPER. By Joseph Wood Krutch. *Harcourt, Brace.*

FAREWELL TO REFORM. by John Chamberlain. *Day.*

Abraham Coles—A Forgotten Poet

L. F. L. of Guntersville, Ala., *who is writing a history of the Coles family, has run up against a dead-end when it comes to Abraham Coles some of whose verses are quoted in the* DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS *but who himself seems to have disappeared from the encyclopedias.*

HE is not quite *"spurlos versenkt,"* however, for after several failures I came upon an entry in an old CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA which the New York Public Library still keeps on its shelves no doubt for the benefit of those who would get information on personalities which time has swept out of the current reference works. According to that he was born in Scotch Plains, N. J., on December 26, 1813, and died in Monterey, Calif., in May, 1891. He graduated in 1835 from the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, and seems thenceforth to have practised poetry along with medicine. Judging from the titles of some of the articles which appeared in medical journals I should say that he was an ardent prohibitionist, and from the fact that he published no less than thirteen original translations of the hymn, Dies Irae, and metrical versions of many of the psalms, that his taste ran to religion as well as poetry. He seems also to have had a turn for ethnology and philosophy, for among his writings were such works as MAN, THE MICROCOSM AND THE COSMOS and THE NEGRO, A DISTINCT SPECIES.

A defunct literary journal, *The Literarian*, published in 1901 an article on him entitled "Abraham Coles, Poet, Physician, Philanthropist," and Appleton in 1892 issued a volume, now, I think, out of print, called ABRAHAM COLES: BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, MEMORIAL TABLETS, SELECTIONS FROM HIS WORK. Further, the New Jersey Historical Society proceedings, Second Series, Volume XII, 1894, contained a character sketch of him. But, alas and alack, I can't tell L. F. L. whether Barrie was referring to Coles in BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIAR BUSH, or whether he wrote a volume entitled "Divine Sovereignty." Perhaps some of my readers may know more about him than I do and will volunteer this information. The brief memoir by his son in the Appleton memorial volume mentioned above makes no reference to these subjects. It contains, however, some interesting sidelights on Coles whom it describes as a hospitable, cultured, and beloved figure. The son of a one-time printer and editor (his father was Dennis Coles and his mother Caroline Van Deursen), he inherited a seventeen-acre estate in Scotch Plains, part of which he turned into a deer paddock and on another part of which he reproduced the famous labyrinth at Hampton Court. His writings were widely reviewed at the time they appeared and won the encomiums of such critics as Lowell, Holmes, and Bryant. Evidently there was ability of varied kind in the Coles family, for in addition to Abraham himself, who, before he died was not only prominent as a poet but was regarded as the best-known physician of Newark, N. J., there is listed under his name A CATALOGUE OF THE FIRST COLES EXHIBITION held by the Newark Museum Association in which the art works of Abraham, J. Ackerman, and Emilie S. were all displayed. Alas, for the vanity of human wishes! No one I ask has ever heard of Abraham Coles today.

An Old Commencement Address

"What Is Worth While?" (writes A. W. S. of Charleston, Va.) *was a commencement address to a girls' or women's school. It was by Anna—. I saw it published in booklet form nearly fifty years ago, certainly forty-eight. Can you tell me who is the author and where I shall look for it? Not knowing the author's name I do not know how to do so.*

Not fifty, but forty-two, years ago, in 1893, there appeared what I presume is the book to which A. W. S. refers. It is by Anna Robertson Brown, is properly entitled "What Is Worth While?" and was published by Crowell. It dealt with the conduct of life, a theme which sounds suspiciously like one which would be preached to girls on graduation. So recently as 1924 Crowell brought it out together with another essay in a volume called WHAT IS WORTH WHILE? and WORKING WITH GIANT POWER. In the interval between the two editions the author had evidently shaken off single blessedness, for the new volume appeared under the cognomen, Anna R. Brown Lindsay.

A Program for a Cleveland Club

E. A. M. of Cleveland, Ohio, *wants suggestions for a program for her club for the coming season, one that will "be interesting and practical for the members."*

Within the next few weeks I shall publish a number of programs in response to various requests, any of which should, I think, prove practicable for E. A. W.'s purposes. I shall therefore present only one just now in reply to her specific inquiry.

Since leisure unfortunately continues to be the unwished for portion of all too many of our citizens at the present moment, and since under whatever organization of society the future is likely to bring there will presumably be a redistribution of labor which will make the problem of caring for free time a pertinent one, it seems not out of place for a club of women to devote themselves to a study of the subject. As the foundation stone of its discussion, if it is willing to tackle a work of most serious character albeit of highest interest, I should suggest consideration of Thorstein Veblen's THEORY OF THE LEISURE CLASS (Viking). "It is the purpose of this book," in the words of the Introduction, "to discuss the place and value of the leisure class as an economic factor in modern life, but it has been found impracticable to confine the discussion strictly within the limits so marked out. Some attention is perforce given to the origin and the line of derivation of the institution, as well as to features of social life that are not commonly classed as economic." The work is one which has become a classic and would alone, if followed through its various implications, serve as subject for a program. However, I take it for granted that E. A. W.'s associates want a general rather than a specialized plan for the year so I offer Veblen's book merely for reading and not for scientific study. After that has been discussed, the club members might distribute among themselves and report on such books as Gove Hambidge's TIME TO LIVE (McGraw-Hill), an account of adventures in the use of leisure; C. DeLisle Burns's LEISURE IN THE MODERN WORLD (Appleton-Century), and L. P. Jack's EDUCATION THROUGH RECREATION (Harpers). Having taken up these general commentaries, the club might decide to give different groups of its members definite phases of the uses of leisure to work on. This would involve examination of community recreation for information in regard to which the club might turn to such books as COMMUNITY DRAMA (Appleton-Century), a report of the National Recreational Association presenting suggestions for a community-wide program of dramatic activities; MUSIC IN AMERICAN LIFE (Oxford University Press), by Augustus D. Zanzig, a survey of amateur musical activities based upon findings of the nation-wide research of the National Recreation Association, a manual of practical suggestions; FOOTLIGHTS ACROSS AMERICA (Harcourt, Brace), by Kenneth MacGowan, a study of theatre groups and their plays and of the place of drama in education, and THE DANCE AND ITS PLACE IN EDUCATION (Harcourt, Brace), by Margaret Newell H. Doubler. The National Council of Parents and Teachers put out a useful little brochure in 1932 entitled EDUCATING FOR LEISURE which should be read with the lengthier works. Finally, to come down to the uses of leisure for the individual as well as the group, as the club would of course wish to do as part of its program, the members should secure THE CARE AND FEEDING OF HOBBY HORSES (Leisure League), by Earnest Elmo Calkins, in which pamphlet they will discover more ways of passing time profitably and pleasantly than the ordinary individual could think up for himself in a lifetime. If E. A. W.'s club wants to branch out from this field, I shall prepare more specific units for their program.

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The New Books

Art

ANDREA SANSOVINO. By G. Haydn Hartley. Harvard University Press. 1935. $5.

This, unless all appearances deceive, is a model doctoral dissertation—exemplary in its orderliness, conciseness and complete documentation, and also in its incidental criticism. Andrea Sansovino, who flourished from about 1485 to 1529, is perhaps chiefly interesting as showing what the normal development from the Early to the High Renaissance would have been had there been no giants—no Leonardos, Raphaels, Michelangelos. Oddly Andrea is at his best when most austere, in aged saints, and when most alert and lyrical, as in the highly operatic Annunciation at Loreto. In many ways he anticipates the dualism of the Baroque—its love of the overtly dramatic, its study of the characteristic. Mr. Hartley has left no part of his field unexplored, has even searched Portugal, with scanty results, for traces of Andrea's sojourn there. New attributions are offered cautiously and persuasively, and Andrea's contribution to the decoration of the Santa Casa at Loreto is clearly fixed on the basis of recent documentary discoveries. This study seems as nearly definitive as possible, and while the appeal is to the specialist, the discursive art lover—who probably knows only Andrea's imposing tombs at Santa Maria del Popolo—is agreeably guided to closer acquaintance with a sculptor and architect who, if by no means great, has much charm and versatility.

F. J. M., JR.

Fiction

ILLYRIAN SPRING. By Ann Bridge. Little, Brown (Atlantic Monthly Press). 1935. $2.50.

Among the ancillary rewards of successful authorship is the privilege of paying for your travels by writing a book about them. The gifted lady who for diplomatic reasons uses the name Ann Bridge has visited Dalmatia; to which, she complains, the only English guidebook is a ponderous work in three volumes. This lack has now been remedied; if you happen to be going to Dalmatia "Illyrian Spring" will prove a very serviceable Baedeker. But readers of Ann Bridge's previous novels who are not going to Dalmatia will be disappointed.

The travelogue is carried along by the story of Lady Kilmichael, a lovely, middle-aged English woman who despite her belatedly acquired distinction as a painter knows that her husband and children regard her as a good deal of a dud. In Dalmatia a young English painter and an elderly Austrian philosopher fall in love with her, in a delicate unobtrusive way; and by associating with them she learns to get along with her family. There is much wisdom in the history of her re-education, but as a story it is too thin to carry its heavy load of archæology, architecture, and botany. And as a book, necessarily, is written from the standpoint of the tourist who does not speak the language, it cannot help seeming arid and superficial after the Dalmatian chapters of Mr. Adamic, to whom the inhabitants were not mere picturesque decorations of the landscape, but human beings with problems of their own.

Yet there are a good many shrewd observations by the way, some of them illustrating the naive surprise of the well bred Englishwoman at discovering that the spiritual subjection of wives to husbands is not a law of nature but a local custom of South Britain; and that the inhabitants of the Continent, so obviously foreigners, have the curious habit of regarding the English as foreigners. There is also sound comment on the relation of parents and children (surprisingly, it appears that one of the grievances of the English young is that their elders overestimate D. H. Lawrence). Nothing that Ann Bridge writes could be commonplace, but she makes better reading when she is not covering the expenses of a trip. And in a book which displays so much learning, one might have expected the publishers to see that "autarkeia" was spelled correctly. E. D.

THE DEMI-WIDOW. By Mary Pickford. Bobbs-Merrill. 1935. $2.

This is really not a bad short romance by "Our Mary." It is certainly a story that could easily be adapted to the movies. It involves an American girl of high character and glamour as well, and what could be fairer than that! She has violet eyes and her hero is a handsome Argentine. Better and better. We are in fashionable Paris. "Coco" becomes a woman of mystery. There is a complication, a misunderstanding—presto, the end finds the happy lovers in each other's arms. Miss Pickford's "Why Not Try God?" was a serious call to the religious life. Now she has turned to more frivolous things, momentarily. "Why Not Try God?" sold hugely, we understand. Doubtless so will "The Demi-Widow." But incidentally this frothy novel could be a lot worse written. And the name Mary Pickford will for some years yet make any publisher's fortune. W. R. B.

A DAUGHTER OF THE MEDICI AND OTHER STORIES. By Donn Byrne. Appleton-Century. 1935. $2.

Since Donn Byrne's death in 1928, his public has been compelled to watch a rather blatant parade of collected short stories, few of which have truly caught the eye or stirred the pulse. Nine more stories, grouped as "A Daughter of the Medici and Other Stories," have now joined the ranks. They are almost uniformly flashy, sentimental, and fatuous. All of them simmer in New York milieux; all pretend to discover heroic and romantic traits in modern boxers, business-men, or bums. Only one really justifies itself: "Champions," a story of a boxing match, has authentic color under its glossy finish.

Byrne knew his boxing. One is reminded of that grand, bare-handed fight between Kerry of the Horses and his cousin Jenico on the sands of Spanish Men's Rest in "Destiny Bay." It was with books like "Destiny Bay," in which the romantic tradition sprang ever fresh from Irish soil, that Byrne won his readers. In his tales of Ireland, his stereotyped plots and artistic pretentiousness were submerged in the rush of humor and feeling. But "electric New York," as Byrne once called it, throws glaring light upon his faults. The gallant and whimsical charm of his best moments is sadly belied by the synthetic glamor of "A Daughter of the Medici and Other Stories." D. P.

Government

GOVERNMENT IN A PLANNED DEMOCRACY. By A. N. Holcombe. Norton. 1935. $2.

Observing the changes that have come over American politics in the last two years, Professor Holcombe assesses the elements at work in the process of forging industrial democracy. There can be little doubt that emphasis has shifted from the sectional differences of areas to the conflicting interests of classes; this book gives a brief picture of what means these interests have found to gain representation and control. It must be noted, however, that the author's primary assumption conceives of government by the middle class as more consonant with the general welfare of the state than any other form of rule; for this idea underlies all his recommendations.

The present trend is directed toward the clarification of the pressure-group influences which have moulded national life for at least the past twenty years. Of these groups, capital is by far the most adequately represented, for it makes up in contact with individuals (press, radio, trade associations, etc.) what it lacks in numbers. Proletarian labor, which accounts for over half the population, finds its strongest expression in the rise to

(*Continued on next page*)

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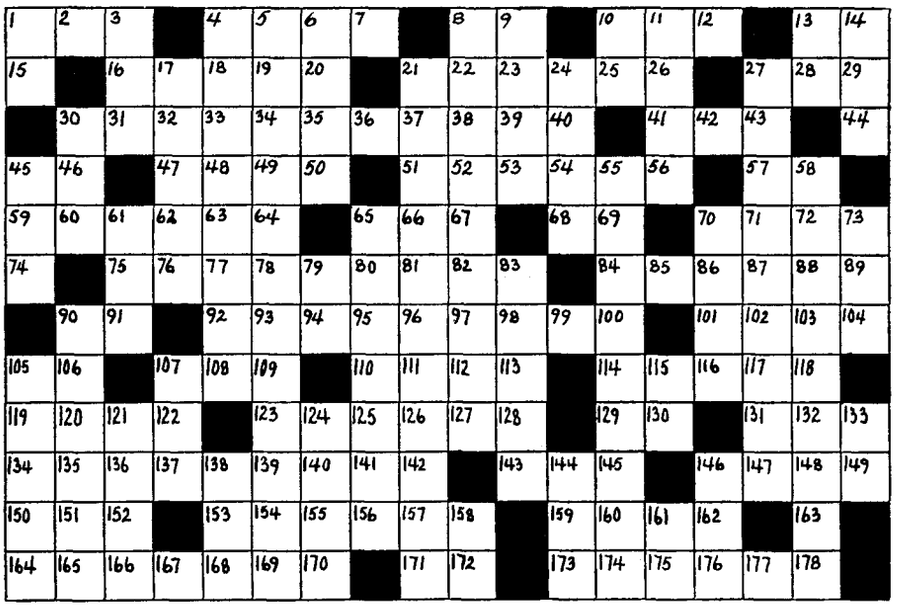
Double-Crostics: No. 72

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 18 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. Prime, first-rate.

II. Garden of the "golden apples" (Gr. myth).

III. Adaptation of sound to sense (rhetoric).

IV. Offended, displeased (slang).

V. Father of Orpheus.

VI. European capital.

VII. Indirect way.

VIII. German composer (1809-1847).

IX. The devil.

X. English poet (1731-1800).

XI. Associate.

XII. Honorable.

XIII. Dull gray, sluggish.

XIV. Mother of Peer Gynt (Ibsen).

XV. An urge (slang).

XVI. Large extinct animal.

XVII. Cleopatra's pet.

XVIII. Part of a hat.

XIX. Residence of Gladstone.

XX. Motto of Prince of Wales (two words).

XXI. Unemotional, indifferent.

XXII. Battle of World War (1916).

XXIII. Drama by Goethe.

XXIV. Mother of Helen of Troy.

XXV. A noose.

XXVI. To interlace.

WORDS

68 79 153 10 103 164

107 3 156 101 55 169 159 40 128 26

162 91 57 89 108 44 8 51 171 12 117 143

132 82 58 172 20 47

133 75 60 119 43 166

73 139 110 63 50 11 80 52 34

170 64 93 76 38 115

13 39 150 87 168 42 155 98 72 2 142

154 165 54 124 130 173 96 36 29

127 88 70 94 116 49

53 9 175 24 105 140 125 1 99

25 137 95 30 21 71 122

32 157 176 100 147 15

28 65 19 74

178 131 126

177 48 97 77 141 109 69 134

5 56 104

123 146 18 111 174

45 163 16 138 118 67 106 144

136 83 27 113 85 102 4

120 59 90 81 17 152 161 35 135

167 46 78 145 33 23

112 151 6 129 66 114

61 149 158 37

31 41 121 86 92

62 160 84 7 14 148 22

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

power of the unions, whose organization is still the subject of much contention. As for the intermediate classes, whose functions are those of management and professional activity, both Congress and the new agencies of recovery afford their interests a representation far more effective than their proportion of the electorate, a little over a third, would seem to warrant.

Such a condition, says the author, guarantees a maintenance of equilibrium and staves off dictatorship. To maintain it, however, there is a crying need for competent experts, administrators, and umpires between class dissensions; and unless this threefold need is met, it is likely that social experiments will be conducted less reasonably and with less imagination in the future. This is a strongly favorable case for professional public businessmen, that the author buttresses with cogent remarks on the altered status of economic individualism: the choice, as he sees it, is between the corporate bureaucracy of businesses run for profit and the professional bureaucracy of officials acting for the interests of the whole community. Such a viewpoint presents a challenge to many popular beliefs and, as such, deserves to reach all those who would attempt to understand modern politics.

R. G.

Miscellaneous

AMERICAN BALLADS AND FOLK SONGS. By John A. Lomax and Alan Lomax. Macmillan. 1934.

The songs which constitute this large volume come from "bad" Negroes and pious Whites, from Michigan lumberjacks and Creole Negresses, from Atlantic sailors and New Mexican *vaqueros*. Indeed the only kind of song which is left severely alone is the traditional English-Celtic-American ballad. The collection is therefore in a sense and with this exception an anthology.

Its 625 pages bring 273 song texts, with melodies for all but fifty-two of them. They are arranged in a sort of journalistic order with chapter headings which indicate geographical sources, social groupings of their singers, occupations with which the ditties are associated, and subject matter. About one third of the book was assembled from the published collections of others or from periodicals. The other two-thirds consist largely of the authors' own recordings made principally among the Negroes of the South. The environment in which they worked is indicated by such headings as "The Levee Camp," "Songs from Southern Chain Gangs," "Negro Bad Men," "Cocaine and Whiskey," and "The Blues." The songs under these titles are the most original and therefore the most valuable of all. In collecting these the authors used a recording machine. But their best pieces of equipment were their own personalities and their resulting ideal approach to their task. The late Henry E. Krehbiel prepared his work on "Afro-American Folksongs" in libraries and wrote it in Maine. The result was a book in scholarly garb which bristles with false conclusions. The Lomaxes rolled up their sleeves, went right in among the Negroes, used a language the

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black men understood, got their songs, and presented them to us without change and without deductions—virgin material of great value.

Three details in the book's makeup must appeal deeply to readers—the excellence of the tunes, the dialectic fidelity of the texts, and the authors' vivid descriptions of the song-recording scenes. The success with which the Negro speech is reproduced is the result of the authors' southernity and will be valued especially by readers who know the southern Negro.

G. P. J.

Travel

THE CONQUEST OF THE NORTH POLE. By J. Gordon Hayes. Macmillan. 1935. $4.50.

In many respects this is an admirable book. Mr. Hayes has set himself the task of recording the narrative of Arctic exploration for the last thirty years. That is a most worthy undertaking and we should be grateful that Mr. Hayes has patiently and painstakingly accumulated a wealth of material from all possible sources. He covers the important work that has been done in the various Arctic sectors, supplying a brief résumé of what had been done prior to the period which he chronicles. The book has fine maps and excellent pictures.

The faults we have to find with the book are not so much those of content as they are those of handling and interpretation. A narrative—to use Mr. Hayes's own word—to be a narrative and not just a compilation of facts and dates and names must be set within a frame of reference. It must have a unity that binds together the various parts and gives them place and purpose. Otherwise such an accumulation of material has the unrelieved flatness of all one-dimensional pictures. It is true that the purpose of almost all arctic exploration during this period was scientific, that the Arctic has itself become a laboratory—but science should never be confused with dulness, with an overpowering and unpointed array of figures. The serious student who wants them will go straight to the sources, and for the laymen they constitute a heavy load.

In the matter of interpretation we are even more at odds with the book. We do not refer to Mr. Hayes's treatment of the Peary-Cook episode. His stand in that matter is well known. He is frank in his criticism of Peary's claim. But surely it is part of a writer's interpretative approach that makes him call Fridtjof Nansen Land by its pre-Russian name of Franz Josef Land, which leads him to "deplore" one action and "applaud" another, subjecting men in the Arctic to a set of standards that are relevant only to a particular generation and class and nation. He says that Greenland represents typical Arctic scenery, and by this either chooses to ignore the extent of the tundras of Arctic Siberia and the Arctic Prairies of America or align himself with the past in picturing the Arctic in terms of the Greenland Ice Cap. Such attitudes and sentences do not seem pertinent or fair to a study of Arctic exploration and they accumulate to form an undercurrent that tends to invalidate all but the bare statement of facts and the listing of figures.

J. M.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

MAKE OFFER: five portfolios Haebler's Italian, West European, German Incunabula, Munich 1927; Dard Hunter's Literature of Papermaking and Primitive Papermaking. Box 604-A.

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PLEASANT, open surroundings, private home, very near subway, offers for first time accommodation for one or two business or professional women desiring refined home. Phone Brooklyn, BU 4-5869. Write box 606-A.

YOUNG, attractive, intelligent girl wishes position. Can do clerical work, and typing. Box 614-A.

YOUNG WOMAN, 34, well educated, of various business experience and training, wants to find someone to pool experiences and ideas in order to put them to some practical small venture of business somewhere this fall. (Has small capital.) Eleanor Mack, Camp Adeawonda, West Ossippee, New Hampshire.

PROFESSIONAL or business Christian young men and women (while seeking permanent position, studying or writing) wanting to live in New York City outskirts convenient to New York City contacts (10c fare), in semi-seclusion, quiet, maintaining accustomed high living standard at very low cash outlay. Investigate Young People's Cooperative Residence overlooking Hudson. Club life, sports, congenial group. Work part-time (dining room, office, etc.) and pay $4.75 up weekly in exchange room, board. Write City Office, Cooperative Lodge, 229 West 48th St., New York.

BOSTONESE, 30, newspaper woman, writer, wants to correspond with quiet man, similar tastes. Box 615-A.

THE NEW SCENE is prepared to accept a limited number of mature men and women to participate as actors in a new group created for those who demand intelligence with their theatre. Box 616-A.

JOIN half-baked literati group forming in Montclair. References. Box 607-A.

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PERSONALS

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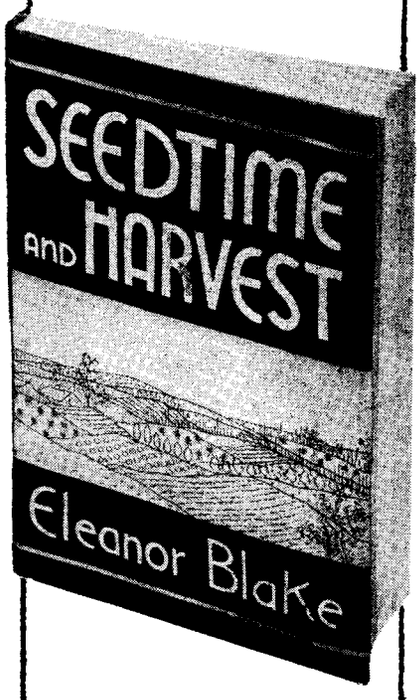

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

OUR BOOKSTORE DEPARTMENT SAYS: —

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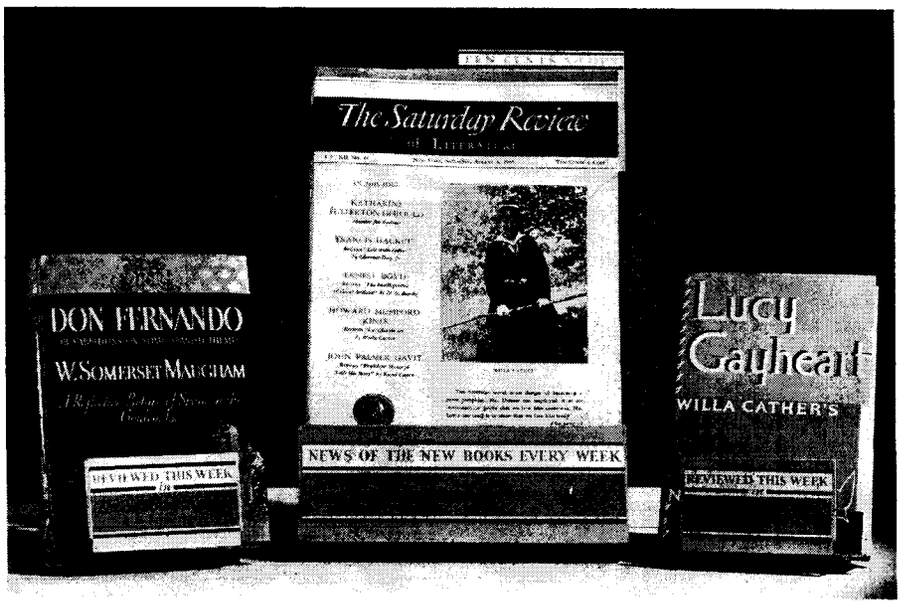
☞Donald Gordon, deep sea diver of the American News Company, has made his monthly descent into the maelstrom of fiction. He comes up clutching MacKinlay Kantor's *The Voice of Bugle Ann* (Coward-McCann) an excellent long-short story which has aroused a lot of advance talk in the trade. ☞A cheerful correspondent in Pittsburgh says her life's ambition is to see a man with a beard washing his face. ☞A book that should greatly interest Dr. Canby (hope you noticed his editorial about the Nightingale, last week) is *The Nature of a Bird's World* by Eliot Howard, announced by Macmillan ($2.50). ☞Paul Victorious, bookseller at 30 Museum Street, London, in a list of first editions of crime and detective fiction, nominates R. Austin Freeman's *The Red Thumb Mark* (1907) as "the scarcest and most important of 20th century detective stories." ☞Argosy Book Stores, 114 East 59, N. Y. C., catalogues (perhaps with intentional grin) "Ellen Key, Love and Marriage, slightly rubbed, $1." ☞Dauber & Pine, 66 Fifth Ave., offer ($17.50) the rare First Edition of John Habberton's *Helen's Babies* (1876). This copy, we learn from D. & P.'s catalogue, is from the library of our old friend the late Thomas L. Masson, so long the managing editor of *Life*. ☞Not long ago we bought from Goodspeed in Boston (for 75c) an autograph letter of John Habberton's, remembering how much pleasure his hand gave us in youth. It was dated 1885, on letterhead of the New York *Herald*.

☞There are so many interesting replies to M. B. W. (La Jolla, Calif.) who wanted lists of "treasure books," Old Quercus can't print them all. Will M. B. W. send us her exact address so we can forward? Meanwhile here are some more of the suggestions:—☞A. H., Detroit: *The Crock of Gold*, by James Stephens; *The Mad Busman*, by I. A. R. Wylie.

☞Pomfret, Conn., suggests: —Helen Thomas, *World without End; As It Was.* Maurice Baring, *"C."* Lord Dunsany, *Fifty-One Tales.* R. B. Cunninghame Graham, *Short Stories.* Vernon Lee, *Works.* Walter de la Mare, *Memoirs of a Midget.* Henry P. Fuller, *Gardens of the World.* W. H. Hudson, *Far Away and Long Ago; Green Mansions; The Purple Land; The Most Famous Beauty of China* (published in English a few years ago). Geoffrey Scott, *Portrait of Zélide.* Constance Russell, *The Rose Goddess, and other Sketches of Mystery and Romance.* A. Possé-Brázdova, *Sardinian Sideshow; Roman Roundabout.*

☞Intervale, N. H., suggests:—Michael Fairless, *The Roadmender.* George Gissing, *The Private Papers of Richard Ryecroft. Peace of Mind; Serenity,* Anon. Alex. Smith, *Dreamthorp.* C. Leith, *Domus Dolorus.* Maurice Hewlett, *Essays.*



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